

The Quarterly Bulletin  
of the  
Frontier Nursing Service

VOLUME 32

WINTER, 1957

NUMBER 3



THE ROAD TO WENDOVER—TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1957  
at The Clearing





HYDEN — TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1957

Outside cover photograph by Alice Van Norden

Inside cover photograph by Juanetta Moore Morgan

---

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN of the FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
Published Quarterly by the Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Ky.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year

Editor's Office: **Wendover, Kentucky**

---

VOLUME 32

WINTER, 1957

NUMBER 3

"Entered as second class matter June 30, 1926, at the Post Office at Lexington, Ky.,  
under Act of March 3, 1879."

Copyright, 1957, Frontier Nursing Service, Inc.



## CONTENTS

| ARTICLE  | AUTHOR                                    | PAGE |
|--|---|------|
| A Ballard of Trees and the Master<br>(Verse)       | <i>Sidney Lanier</i>                      | 2    |
| A Mother Needed Us                                 | <i>Jane Carpenter</i>                     | 10   |
| A Postscript                                       | <i>Agnes Lewis</i>                        | 17   |
| Beyond the Mountains                               |   | 47   |
| Confluence Flood Waters<br>(See inside back cover) | <i>Carolyn Banghart and<br/>Molly Lee</i> | 11   |
| Field Notes  |   | 56   |
| Hazard   | <i>Agnes Lewis</i>                        | 15   |
| My First Home Delivery                             | <i>Beulah Olson</i>                       | 31   |
| Old Courier News                                   |   | 21   |
| Old Staff News                                     |   | 35   |
| Thanksgiving Day 1956                              | <i>Elizabeth Kindzerski</i>               | 29   |
| Trigger to Flat Creek                              | <i>Virginia Branham</i>                   | 20   |
| Water, Water Everywhere (Illus.)                   | <i>Jane Furnas</i>                        | 3    |

### BRIEF BITS

|   |                                    |    |
|---|------------------------------------|----|
| A Hard Time   |                                    | 46 |
| A Pat of Butter                                       |                                    | 14 |
| An Announcement                                       |                                    | 45 |
| Boredom   |                                    | 33 |
| Children of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson<br>(Photograph) |                                    | 30 |
| Just Jokes  |                                    | 33 |
| Needed Now  |                                    | 19 |
| Our Mail Bag  |                                    | 54 |
| Play Fair   |                                    | 46 |
| Tea at Wendover                                       | <i>Rebecca Brown</i>               | 46 |
| The Importance of Tugboats                            | <i>The New York Herald-Tribune</i> | 34 |
| <i>Thousandsticks</i> Finally Resumes<br>Publication  | <i>Thousandsticks</i>              | 16 |
| White Elephant  |                                    | 55 |



## A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him,  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last  
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier, 1842-1881



## WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

by  
JANE FURNAS, R.N., C.M., B.S.

### I WENDOVER



WENDOVER ROAD FROM THE COW BARN

It had been raining without ceasing for three days. By Monday evening, the Middle Fork River, although swollen, was still below the road at Pig Alley. We thought we were in for a big tide but we never dreamed what would face us Tuesday morning, January 29. About 3:00 a.m. we had a terrible thunder storm and the heavens fairly opened up. When I got up at 6:30 we could see nothing but water. At that time the top of the front pull-gate at Wendover was still visible but the water was rising fast. Our electricity was off. As I walked towards the Big



House I met Ira, the night watchman. He had walked about a mile up Hurricane Creek trying to find a place to cross so that he could get to his home on Camp Creek. But he had given up and come back to Wendover. He said he would continue to work that morning as he felt sure none of the other men would be able to get to us.

Our first job was to get all of the rock gutters cleared, as the leaves had washed off the mountain above Wendover and blocked a good many of them. We knew that some of our buildings might wash down if we didn't get these gutters opened to drain off the torrents of water pouring down the mountainside. Agnes Lewis, with the help of the office staff, went to every building and disconnected all of our electrical equipment and threw the breakers. The couriers were busy seeing to the animals. As we were finishing these first jobs Hobert Cornett, our foreman, arrived. He never has failed to get to us. He had come across the hills from Camp Creek and crawled out on a fallen tree over Upper Hurricane and jumped to this side. He was wet to the waist and he sure was tired by the time he made it to Wendover.

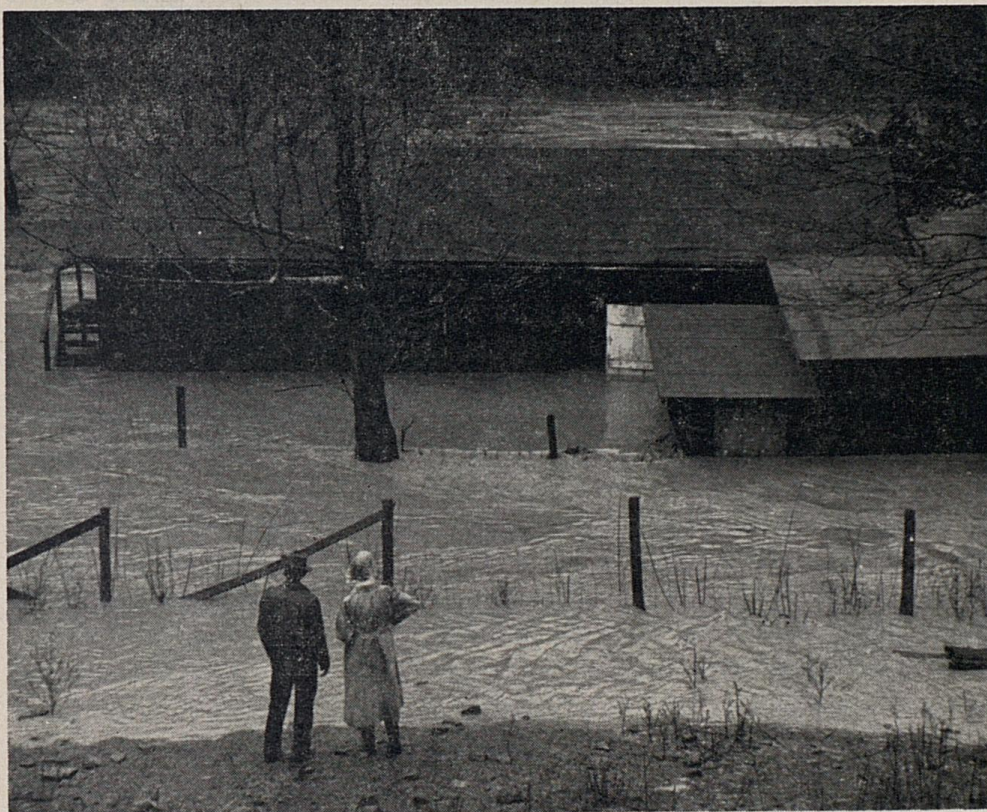
We were terribly concerned for our neighbors up and down the river. As luck would have it the party-line telephone still worked between us and the Brashears up river, although we were unable to call between houses here at Wendover, or anywhere else. Mrs. Brashear kept in touch with us and we advised one another, even though it was impossible for us to meet. She told us that their store house and barn had gone and we felt quite sick as we saw both of them coming down the middle of the river.

We were deeply anxious about our nearest neighbors down the river at The Clearing, and Anne Cundle, the Wendover nurse, tells about her trip to them, as follows:

"The two couriers (Lois Buhl and Alice Van Norden), Hobert and I made a detour around the mountain—as the road was under water—to see how Becky Jane and Lewis Morgan, the two old folk who live at The Clearing, were faring. We scrambled over fences and through the bull pen, much to Frontiersman's surprise. I must admit, I was a little wary of being so near an unchained bull. However, he seemed quite unperturbed. The



water was up to Becky Jane's front porch, and we were distressed to hear that our two heifers were trapped in the barn, and no one could reach them. They sounded so pitiful mooing inside their stalls that we couldn't leave them there without making an attempt to save them. So Hobert went back to Wendover for an axe and a rope. When he returned he chopped down a tree which we all hauled to the water's edge, and pushed it across what used to be the road, from the top of the fence to the roof of the barn. Then I hauled myself across with the rope tied around my middle while the others steadied the log. But, after



THE HEIFER BARN AT THE CLEARING

climbing on the roof of the barn, I discovered that there was still a gap between me and the two heifers who had just their heads out of the water. There was nothing for it but to haul myself back over the log, and to leave the poor things to their fate. However, I am pleased to say, there is a happy ending to this story, as we heard later that they did eventually swim to



safety over a gap we had made in the fence. Two other lives were also saved when Alice reached across and grabbed by the neck two bedraggled chickens that were swimming frantically in circles. We brought Becky Jane and Lewis back with us over the hills to Wendover."

At Wendover, during this time, we were tending furnaces and fires (we had put the night watchman to bed), seeing to the food from the refrigerator and deep freeze, getting the oil lamps and candles ready for the night, and collecting dry clothing for the party from The Clearing. We were low-spirited because it was so sad to see buildings, bottled-gas tanks, etc., going down the river; and some of the buildings were people's homes. The water had risen high over the front pull-gate, had covered the gate in front of the pump house and was half-way up the pump house itself. When the water reached the turn at the cow barns and the pig sty, some of us went to Pig Alley to drive Edna, the Hampshire brood sow, and the other pigs out of their pen to safety. But we let them be because just then the river stopped rising.

It seemed almost like a miracle to watch this turning back of the water. The river now started to fall rapidly and we forgot our immediate surroundings in our anxiety about Hyden and the six outpost centers, and all our friends in those neighborhoods—although we knew it was impossible to hear from them. By evening we were getting reports over our battery radios and learned that the floods were widespread. We knew that Mrs. Breckinridge in the East, and all our friends outside, would be anxious too.

## II HYDEN

The next morning—Wednesday, January 30—we decided to try to make it across the mountains to Hyden. By this time we knew that our trusty swinging bridge was no more. The day before we had seen from The Clearing, that the water on yon side of the river was up to the roof of a store that is on the highway near the Mouth of Muncy Creek. We felt we just had to get out and see what the situation was and find out what we could do to help. Then Hobert had a "brain wave." He crawled



down to the river to see if by chance "The Greasy Bean" was still afloat. It was, and there was great rejoicing—we and our neighbors above us, could now get across the river by boat. Chained to a tree, it had stayed quietly under forty feet of water. We were soon ready, and Lois, Hobert and I got into "The Greasy Bean" and took off. The current was swift, but Hobert managed the boat well and we were soon anchored on the other side of the river, under the site where the end of the swinging bridge had been.



FLOOD WATER AT HYDEN

We walked around the mountain (maybe crawled would be more like it) to the Mouth of Muncy. There we were again faced with the problem of crossing, as the foot bridge over Muncy Creek was now sort of suspended in mid-air and Hobert didn't feel that it was safe. We finally got across (not without getting wet) and trudged through the mire to Mrs. Mosley's yard—above the highway and well above the river—where, through her courtesy, several cars and jeeps were parked. "The Rabbit," our long-wheel jeep, was one of those vehicles and we felt sure it would be flooded—we almost dreaded seeing it. We were greeted with the good news that McKinley Mosley had crossed the wires in "The Rabbit"—to start it without its key—and with it had pulled the other vehicles high above the rising water to safety. He used it to evacuate his sister, with some of her belongings, from the Ritter Lumber Camp; and to take other people to higher ground. It pleased us no end to know that our



jeep had been of use in rescue work, and we were deeply grateful to Mr. Mosley for having salvaged it for us.

We went on into Hyden Town and were appalled by the sights which greeted us en route; cars had been swept into fields and were caught in trees; the highway was washed out in places and there was mud everywhere; houses were gone and other houses sitting in places where there had been none; stunned people with their muddy, wet furniture and clothing were all along the highway. When we reached Hyden we found that the town itself had not suffered too much damage, as the houses which had piled up against the highway bridge above the town had held back the water to some extent. From one of these houses, backed against the bridge, a cold and very frightened little boy had been pulled out unharmed. We later learned that another little boy, swept away with his house by the waters of Cutshin Creek, had been drowned.



HYDEN, AT HEIGHT OF FLOOD, FROM HOSPITAL HILL

At our Hospital on the bench of Thousandsticks Mountain, Betty Lester had everything under control—everything except that she had no medical director in residence! Dr. Beasley was in the East attending a medical symposium. Dr. Gene Bowling, who lives across the river from Hyden, was standing by for Dr. Beasley, but he had barely gotten across the swinging bridge the day before in time to evacuate his family from their flooded home to a neighbor's on higher ground. Betty also knew, after hearing over the battery radio of Hazard's isolation and destruc-



tion, that the surgeons there would not be able to get to Hyden even if she could reach them by telephone. Fortunately, there were only a few patients in the Hospital and none of them in a critical condition.

The old coal range, kept for such emergencies when the Hospital had an electric range installed some years ago, was cooking food for the patients, nurses, nurse-midwives of the Frontier Graduate School and Dr. Beasley's family, as there was no electricity. The hospital wards were illuminated with night watchmen's large battery lanterns. The great anxiety, in the absence of electric power, was the water supply. Without electricity the deep well pump, booster pump, their motors and controls could not furnish water from the 200-foot well below Joy House up to the two storage tanks on the side of the mountain high above all the buildings in the hospital plant. Somewhere in the line from the pump to the tanks the pipes had pulled apart and one tank had emptied itself. When we reached the Hospital, Alonzo Howard, the hospital foreman, had just located the break and was busy repairing it.

As yet there was no news from any of the outpost centers and the patients in their areas. The hospital staff were busy getting clothing into boxes to give to washed-out families when it could be gotten to them. Several horses, mules and a dog from the flooded area of town were housed in the barn. As there was nothing we could do at the Hospital, we went back down town where the local Red Cross Chapter and other citizens were feeding and housing refugees. We were relieved to learn that Judge Elmer Begley and Magistrate Onzie Sizemore had gone out to call for help. We also learned that the Black Bros. Bus, a mountain line, was going to try to get out through Manchester to Richmond. They had learned that highway No. 421 to Manchester, and the bridges between Hyden and Manchester, were now clear of water. I gave the bus driver a telegram to send from Richmond to Mrs. Breckinridge in New York.

Although I didn't know it then, Governor Chandler, with a military convoy from Fort Knox, came through Hyden that same evening en route to Hazard. He arranged for emergency electric power to be furnished Hyden through the T.V.A., and Hyden Hospital and the town got power that very night. Alonzo



stayed down with the pumps all night in order to fill the tanks as quickly as possible. The Army brought cots and blankets for the refugees.

---

## A MOTHER NEEDED US

by

JANE CARPENTER, R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D.

Shortly after noon on the day of the floods the Middle Fork River and Rockhouse Creek were still rising and, from the Hospital Hill, we could see a vast expanse of water between us and the far side of Hyden Town. An agitated man arrived at the Hospital—"Can the nurses come? My wife is bad off." Poor Silas was so out of breath that it took us a few minutes to find out what was troubling Sally, his wife. Then we gathered that this was an emergency maternity case and we must hurry. We would have to cross the flood waters to get to the other side of town. Silas told us he had a small rowboat waiting, and a car on the highway. Irma Cohen (student in the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery) and I packed the minimum of essential equipment and, with Silas, we hurried down the hill to the waiting boat which carried us safely across the swirling waters. We could not take the regular road to Silas' house as it was under water, so we drove along the highway to a point above his home, then slid down the mountainside to his door.

Sally's baby had come much too early and she had had a hemorrhage. We gave emergency treatment and tried to reassure her. A quick look around told us that we must get Sally to our Hospital as soon as possible. She needed careful watching, and the flood waters were just underneath the floor of her house! Trying not to alarm her too much—she was already worried about leaving her children and home—we wrapped her up and helped her up the hillside to the car. Silas stayed to mind the children and to watch their endangered home. We made the return trip by car and boat without incident, and heaved a sigh of relief when we had Sally safely in our Hospital high above the flood waters. Later, we were happy to learn that Sally's home did not get taken by the flood, and she has gone back to Silas and her children.



## CONFLUENCE FLOOD WATERS

by

CAROLYN BANGHART, R.N., C.M., B.S., and MOLLY LEE, R.N., S.C.M.

(The Frances Bolton Nursing Center of Possum Bend)

See inside back-cover picture

Much water had flowed beneath the bridges of the Middle Fork River all winter. Since before Christmas there had been rain and tides instead of the usual snow and ice. Unable to cross with the jeep or ford with the horses through swift, deep water, we were having to walk via the swinging bridges and balance on logs over creeks and branches. It was good to hike among the hills doing district nursing work, even though time-consuming.

On the morning of Tuesday, January 29, after a week-end of steady rain, we awoke to find the river nearly level with the road just below the nursing center. We quickly did the morning chores (our young housekeeper, Opsie, was away) of feeding and milking and doing the fires. Then we ate a hurried breakfast. The road below us soon became a busy highway. Boys from the village down river were using an old rebuilt Army jeep to tow cars to higher ground. Many of these cars had been left at Roy Sizemore's store and Post Office, since his place marked the end of the gravel road. Beyond was a rough creek bed, often too full of water for a car to get through. Putting on rubber boots and raincoats (it was pouring rain) we walked the short distance to the village to find the road there already filling with water. A boat piled high with store goods, covered with a big tarpaulin, was being pulled up the flooded road to higher ground. Water lapped at our knees as we helped carry household furnishings from our neighbors' homes on the river bank. Wading across the road to the store we stepped up on the porch just as the swinging bridge snapped in two with the force of a whip. Within a few minutes water swirled on to the floor of the store.

When we returned to the nursing center, the water was very near the lower side of our barn. Dear old Doc, who was on the seaward side of the barn, was pawing and stamping about in his stall. The rushing sound (like the wind) of the flood waters was frightening. He and Flicka pranced nervously when led to



the pasture to join Feisty (our cow) on the steep hillside above the barn.

Bolt, our jeep, was providentially across the river on high ground, where we had to leave him after the delivery of one of our mothers. But a new pick-up truck loaded with store goods, and a car had taken refuge in our yard. Soon the boys from the village returned floating another car up the road, and pushed and pulled it up to our barn.

By this time our good neighbors from Peach Orchard, which is across the mountain and far from the river, had come to see if we needed help. A one-armed man with Herculean strength packed bag after bag of grain from the feed room to the loft. Likewise, feed and bales of hay were carried to the pasture above the barn, for the animals. Windows and doors were opened and made fast, to permit the water to flow freely through the barn, and saddles and bridles were moved to safety. Then some of us went to the house. Planning ahead—we heaved up buckets of coal and a supply of potatoes from the cellar; rescued as much firewood as possible from beneath the porch; filled the bath tub with tap water; turned off the main electric switch; and closed all openings in the pump house to protect our precious pump.

All the time it rained. With the river still rising, the loaded truck at our back door was in danger of losing its cargo. With many helping hands, sacks of flour, sugar, cornmeal, shoes, etc., were passed from truck to house. We had moved rugs and furniture upstairs from the first floor, so there was lots of room for stacking goods. People passed by on the mountain trail above our house, looking cold and wet. Some stopped by to warm at the kitchen stove and gratefully accepted coffee and sandwiches.

Our attention was almost constantly directed toward the river. Of course there was much flotsam, but when someone exclaimed, "There's a house coming," everyone hurried to a window or door to see whose house. After this, houses, barns, stores and schools passed at frequent intervals—and most of the dwellings belonged to people we know. Some of the men were watching when the house across the river started to move. Occupants of this ill-fated house were carrying their belongings to the hillside behind them when their home slipped slowly from



its moorings. There was a shocked silence among us. The house eased its way along the bank, crushed trees under its great weight, moved majestically past our center and came to rest slowly with creaking and crushing sounds between big trees on the opposite bank. Before this sickening thing happened, Roy's store and two dwellings near it had moved downstream. One house had stopped amongst debris at the mouth of Wilder Branch. Men had gone to it by boat and secured it to electric light poles. Inside the house were all the household appliances of a young family.

It was still raining. We had placed a ladder up for an exit from the back porch roof on to the hillside, and had taken drugs, nursing records, and emergency rations upstairs, expecting the first floor to be wet. As the men were going to move the faithful old refrigerator up on chairs, one practical man said, "Wait a minute, let's see if it is still coming up." The water level had held its own just as it was washing the top porch step, and an inch from running into the first floor from the cellar. Thanks be to God!

It was the edge of dark and the rain had almost stopped. With night coming on and the flood waters receding, we set to work. It was good to be able to do something to dispel the feeling of helplessness and anxiety for the homeless ones. We lassoed Feisty when she attempted to swim to her cow shed, and milked her while sitting on an overturned bucket on the steep hillside. The horses showed little interest in the pail of oats placed near them. They must have filled up on the hay which had been carried to them earlier. When these chores were done, we left our house guests (men from Bullskin stranded here while buying pigs down river) sitting in front of a coal fire, and went with our friends from Peach Orchard by a mountain path to the village. Roy's house on the hill was a refuge, like our dwelling, and was filled with people anxious about their homes. We offered bed and board to any who wanted to come. It was distressing not to be able to reach people down river. We returned by the path to the center.

As soon as the water was low enough we attacked the barn with brooms and buckets. Turning the receding flood to our advantage we used many buckets of water to clean stalls, man-



gers, and the cowshed by the light of two oil lamps. While we were engaged in this necessary job, we heard the house (which had been moored to electric light poles at the mouth of Wilder) break away, and were aware of similar tragedies in the falling river. By late Tuesday night, the river was back off the road. On Wednesday morning, January 30, it was down inside its banks. It had left mud, quicksand, and destruction behind in a nightmarish unreality.

We shared bacon and eggs with our Bullskin guests that Wednesday morning. They very kindly helped carry moved articles back to their rightful places, before starting out in search of their truck load of pigs (which had been set free when the flood waters came) and to get to their homes as soon as possible to see how their families had fared.

Everybody began setting to work cleaning up since there was no other choice. They used the fast-running mountain streams to scrub and wash and drink. There was no self-pity anywhere. They just got on with the job. The homeless were readily taken in by kinfolk and neighbors. We stopped by, going to our patients, and helped de-mud one kitchen. Water had reached the ceiling and had ruined everything in the house. The family surveyed the destruction and said, "We can be thankful the house didn't go."

By nightfall of Wednesday, January 30—the day after the flood—everybody was housed. Food was scarce, because help had not reached us yet. But many folks had milk and eggs from their farmyard animals. Fortunately, in this area, few animals were lost; no cows, horses or mules to our knowledge, only chickens and some pigs and hogs.

---

### A PAT OF BUTTER

Sent to Mary Breckinridge on New Year's Day with this note.

"This little gift comes primarily from Feisty, who manufactured it. She is a perfect cow . . .; also from Opsie who milked it, from Carol who churned and wrapped it, and from Molly who patted it. It comes with all our loyal love and very best wishes for your health and happiness in the year ahead."

Possum Bend Center at Confluence



## HAZARD—OUR NEIGHBOR AND SHIPPING POINT

by  
AGNES LEWIS

On Tuesday, February 12, Lena Gray and I went to Wooton, Combs and Hazard—all were a sickening sight. Buildings all along the highway—homes, stores, filling stations, grocery stores—were either completely gone or in shambles. Clothing and household furnishings hung from branches of trees. When we reached the main business section of Hazard, we could hardly believe our eyes. The water from the North Fork of the Kentucky River had been nearly eight feet up in the Sterling Hardware Company, turning over all of their display cases and mixing household utensils with tools, paint, fishing tackle et cetera. Nearly every store on Main Street had been flooded. Some buildings were still closed, others were open for business but the merchandise was mixed up and a lot of it damaged. The wonder to us was that they had made such rapid strides towards cleaning up and getting things in order again. We went on to the new Super Market which had moved into its modern building only a few months ago. The manager told us that he had lost seventy-five per cent of his stock and had suffered several thousand dollars worth of damage to his building and equipment. All of his refrigeration units had to be sent by truck to Lexington to be cleaned and overhauled. In addition, one side of his home had been so badly damaged that it has to be replaced; and all of his household equipment and furnishings were ruined except for one bedroom suite of solid walnut which, when dried out and polished, seemed to be none the worse for the floods. The Hazard Clinic, we were told, was operating from the second floor—everything on the first floor had been damaged or ruined. The Hazard Laundry lost five or six trucks; all of their equipment and laundry, including our Hyden Hospital laundry, was covered with water and mud.

We stopped by the L. and N. depot to find out what had happened to shipments by freight and express which had been covered by the angry waters. Addresses on most cartons had been washed out and the contents ruined. Where a shipment



could be identified, the addressee was asked to claim it—insurance does not cover flood damage as it is considered “an act of God.”

We called Mrs. Walter Hull, chairman of our FNS Hazard Committee, and learned that several members of the Committee, living in Woodland Park, had their lovely homes flooded. Where, we asked, had all of the “misplaced people” found shelter? Relatives, friends and neighbors had taken them in—some had as many as eighteen extra people staying with them. We can’t help but wonder how they had managed without electric power for lights, cooking and heating.

As we drove back to Hyden we had two vivid pictures in our minds: one of debris, wreckage, mud and muck throughout all the flood-stricken areas; the other one of faith and courage on the part of those who had suffered astronomical material losses, who already had started to build up again. They were bowed down but in no way defeated.

---

### THOUSANDSTICKS FINALLY RESUMES PUBLICATION

*The Thousandsticks* ceased publication the last of January due to the fact that our plant and home also were completely covered by flood water. It has taken all this time to clean up and get the machinery in working condition.

Our damage was great. All our newsprint and entire stock of paper was destroyed, and we were unable to get any more until a few days ago. All the equipment was seriously damaged along with furniture, fixtures, etc.

We suffered great loss in our home, which joins our plant. The water stood 8 feet in the building, and the flood waters came so unexpectedly we were unable to rescue anything.

Within another week we hope to have our paper going as usual.

*The Thousandsticks, Hyden, Leslie County,  
Kentucky, Thursday, February 14, 1957.*

**We salute our gallant weekly paper.**



## A POSTSCRIPT

Feb. 23, 1957

Newspaper reports of the devastation following in the wake of the floods on Tuesday, January 29, were not exaggerated. It is now estimated that fifty homes in Leslie County alone have been completely destroyed and hundreds have been damaged past repair. Nearly every house on the Middle Fork River between Hyden and Elkhorn Creek has been washed away or flooded. Our local Red Cross Chapter, with Mr. Eugene Howard, chairman, and Mrs. Essie Roberts, secretary, immediately organized and set up relief centers in the churches, the high school and the courthouse. Hyden citizens, Mrs. Rogers Beasley, Miss Lester, every nurse that could be spared off the Hill, our AOPi social service secretary and Mrs. Breckinridge's secretary—cut off from Wendover—volunteered to help with canteens and the distribution of clothing, sent in by neighbors and from our Hospital. Judge Elmer Begley and other county officials set out at once to get outside aid in bringing in emergency power to Hyden; and, later, in clearing roads and rebuilding bridges.

On Friday, February 1, Miss Ruth Lewis of Akron, Ohio, was sent to Hyden by the American Red Cross, and over the week-end Miss Mildred Schilling, Field Director, arrived from California with eight other Red Cross workers, all men. They are doing a superb job. Already they have given emergency relief to all flood victims who have applied for it and are now starting on the problem of rehabilitation. Miss Lester and the Hospital staff are delighted to have Miss Schilling and Miss Lewis at Haggin Quarters. Dr. and Mrs. Beasley are sharing Joy House with one of the field workers; the Presbyterian manse is housing others; and some have been taken in by Hyden families.

There has been almost no limit to the truck-loads of food, clothing and bedding that Lexington, Louisville and other parts of Kentucky have donated to this disaster-stricken area. These people have poured out their hearts and emptied their homes. Among these hundreds of trucks one came all the way from Michigan, driven by Mr. Willard Bowling of Ann Arbor. He was one of our own boys years ago and married our nurse, Virginia Frederick. They called their neighbors together and asked them



to fill a truck with supplies. They then took up a collection to pay for expenses of getting the supplies to Hyden. Mrs. Bowling wrote,

"I read about Hyden and Hazard being so badly hurt by the recent flood. I knew how bad it must be as I was with you when the flood came in 1947."

One of the most stirring things in the whole relief story was that of the Harrods Creek, Kentucky, Volunteer Fire Department and its Auxiliary. Their truck held 87 boxes of clothing packed by the women of the Auxiliary and loaded by the men of the Volunteer Fire Department. It was driven straight to the doors of Hyden Hospital by Mr. and Mrs. John Serpell of Harrods Creek. Nearly everything in it was carried by our jeeps to the nearest outpost centers.

Mrs. Serpell (Cornelia Atherton) is the daughter of one of our trustees. She and her husband came over to Wendover to stay the night. They were sensibly dressed for the long trek around the mountain and for crossing the river in "The Greasy Bean." Delightful young people!

With every swinging bridge on the Middle Fork—including the Wendover bridge—washed out, news of our outlying districts was delayed in reaching us. We have been relieved to learn that no lives were lost among patients at the six outpost centers, but we have been distressed over the losses our patients and friends throughout our area have suffered. All of our centers, except Possum Bend at Confluence, were left high and dry; but the wells and pump houses at Red Bird, The Clearing and Wendover, as well as at Confluence, were flooded, leaving them very dirty! Even now we cannot calculate the total damage done to FNS properties—our roads, retaining walls, springs, pipe lines, pastures, fences et cetera.

As we go to press, Hyden homes have taken in thirty army engineers and personnel who have been sent in to rebuild swinging bridges. We are happy to say that they are working on the Wendover bridge this week and by next week we shall be able to cross it. We were delighted when our own David Johnson, raised at Wendover, and now supply sergeant for the Army Corps of Engineers on this disaster, popped in the other afternoon and "stayed the night" with us. Hyden and the Hospital now have



normal telephone service; but the Wendover lines are still down and it may be sometime before we can call Hyden, the Hospital, the outpost centers or the outside world.

Mrs. Breckinridge sends her deep gratitude for all of your letters of sympathy and your generosity in giving us money and supplies.

Agnes Lewis, Executive Secretary

---

## **NEEDED NOW**

### **Clerical Workers**

The floods have brought in their wake a lot of extra clerical work. We were already short-handed, and we just can't cope with all of this unless some of you come to our assistance. We want workers on either a regular or a temporary basis. Please ask them to write our executive secretary, Miss Agnes Lewis, Wendover, Leslie County, Kentucky.

### **Rotating Nurses**

As many of you know, we have a rotating system for nurses who are not nurse-midwives. They serve in rotation in Hyden Hospital, in its clinics, on the districts around Hyden, and (when there are enough of them) as assistants to nurse-midwives at the outpost centers.

This April four of our rotating nurses will enter the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. We need four replacements. Please ask applicants to write to the associate director, Miss Helen E. Browne, Wendover, Leslie County, Kentucky.



## TRIGGER TO FLAT CREEK

by

VIRGINIA BRANHAM  
(New England Courier)

The Flat Creek nurses sent in an urgent request for a second horse. The floods had made most of Joy's half of the district impossible for a jeep—bridges out, and thick, slick mud everywhere. Laura, the mare, had done a noble job since the flood, but a relief horse was needed to spell her. Trigger from the Hospital was chosen.

Ordinarily it is only a 20-mile ride to the Caroline Butler Atwood center at Flat Creek. But the two normal routes by creeks and trails were impassable due to dangerous quicksand and high water in the fords across the Middle Fork and Double Creek on Red Bird River. The only alternative was to truck Trigger 30 miles on the highway, which is impossible for riding because of the thundering coal trucks, and then ride him another 10 miles on a dirt road.

Trigger was loaded into Joe Roberts' coal truck at the Hospital barn. Jean Hollins and I followed them in Monday, the jeep. Trigger didn't miss a trick. We could see him—ears up—turning his head from side to side. He almost seemed to enjoy it all. He didn't even flinch when the coal trucks roared past him. Once off the highway all was quiet and peaceful. Joe drove a few miles on the narrow dirt road past Bright Shade. Eventually he found a suitable steep banking, backed his truck up to it, and Trigger walked out, grateful to be on firm ground once more. After unblanketing and saddling him, we set out for Flat Creek, Jean on Trigger, and I in Monday.

Trigger seemed to know he was going to a center. He didn't know Flat Creek, the road, or the distance, but he was eager to get there. At first he whinnied occasionally, and tossed his head, giving a joyful shake. Whenever he saw a likely home—horse and pasture across the valley—he stopped, trumpeted and listened carefully.

After several miles, Jean and I swapped. Trigger's running walk was ever so much more comfortable than Monday's jounces. As we neared the center, Trigger's calls were more frequent and insistent. We arrived to Laura's answering whinnies of welcome.



## OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by  
AGNES LEWIS

### **From Alison Bray, Entebbe, Uganda—November 3, 1956**

I am enjoying my job very much indeed and am thrilled to have seen so much of the country. I am staying on for a month or two after the present governor leaves, to see the new people in. I think that will be very interesting and it also has the advantage that I shall miss another winter at home. It's wonderful to have so much sunshine. Mummy is due here next month, which is wonderful.

. . . . .

### **From Mary Ladwig, Cleveland, Ohio—December 9, 1956**

I am back to the old routine here at St. Luke's. It was nice to get back though and everyone wanted to know about Kentucky. I am still telling people about it—three weeks later. I can't say that I am homesick for it, for three weeks is hardly enough to get firmly attached to one place, but I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It was completely away from training and improved my attitude a lot—like a second wind. So now I'm working in the operating room and really like it. I was pretty petrified the first two weeks; but what a little experience can do to build up one's confidence! It's fun now.

. . . . .

### **From Linda Branch, Pinedale, Wyoming—Christmas, 1956**

My thoughts at Christmas, as always, are of the Frontier Nursing Service. I can't put into words what three Christmases there have meant to me. Only wish it were possible for me to be with you all this year.

Wyoming is well on its way to have a very white Christmas—we have at least a foot of snow in town and three feet where I taught school. The horse and sleigh is about the most reliable method of travel out here now.



**From Mrs. Hugh Williamson Nevin (Ellie George),  
Sewickley, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1956**

I remember Christmas at Wendover as something unique and wonderful. Remember your yanking me home from nursing a sick cow to help with the first Nativity play run by Sybil? It was an experience I am thankful for.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Newsom (Sylvia Bowditch),  
Mill Valley, California—Christmas, 1956**

This season of the year brings back memories of the time I spent with you, and the joys of Christmas in the mountains.

We all thrive. Chipps goes to nursery school three mornings a week and loves it. Sambo is running all over the place. Luckily, he has the same good disposition and same sense of humor that his sister has. We thoroughly enjoy them both. I don't know if his energy will wear us out but at least so far we have kept up with him!

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert Ashton Lawrence (Pat Perrin),  
Paoli, Pennsylvania—Christmas, 1956**

There seems to be little news to report except that the children are all getting so grown up now that it seems strange not to have any babies—a situation the FNS is unfamiliar with.

I have been taking a course in Shakespeare this winter and we seem to be getting roots ensconced in this new and lovely area.

The older children have begun to take up riding, as have their parents, so maybe Franny will have adequate preparation for her courier training.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Ross Whistler, Jr. (Vera Potter), Dover,  
Massachusetts—Christmas, 1956**

I certainly enjoy the Bulletins that arrive here from Kentucky. Ross and I and Peter, age 18 months, live in Dover out in the woods off our own dirt road in a rather unfriendly fashion, with several basset hounds and a mule named Sheila. Pete and Sheila are great friends and, luckily, she is an understanding creature who can, also luckily, outrun small boys. We have a great time!



**From Mary Peterson, Big Timber, Montana—Christmas, 1956**

I have shown my slides to many 4-H Clubs and the highlight came last Sunday, when I was the AOPi Founder's Day speaker. I hope to give some more talks during Christmas vacation.

This has been a very busy quarter. Besides my regular school work I am a Brownie Scout leader. I have never worked as hard and had as much fun. This coming spring quarter I am going to Merrill Palmer in Detroit. I'm really quite thrilled that I was accepted.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert C. Webster (Barbara Brown),  
Cleveland, Ohio—Christmas, 1956**

We are very proud of our five wonderful boys. In spite of the work, we have lots of fun together.

I look back so often to those wonderful and inspiring two months with the FNS. Someday I am determined to visit you. It's been 15 years since I was there. Time passes so quickly but there are many details of my experiences there that will always remain with me.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Vladimir Littauer (Mary Graver),  
Long Island, New York—Christmas, 1956**

A fire in March gutted two-thirds of our house and we have been busy ever since salvaging, rebuilding and redecorating; but we're about reinstalled now and feel very lucky. Vladimir's eighth book was published in October. Andrew is thirteen now and will be in boarding school next fall.

. . . .

**From Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris),  
Brockport, New York—Christmas, 1956**

Little Elizabeth is gaining beautifully on my milk and is going to be just like her sister! I think one day they will look almost like twins.

We are very busy closing up shop in Brockport. December 28th we move to Geneva, New York, where David will become Chaplain at Hobart College. We think it will be a challenging and interesting job.



**From Mrs. Peter Richardson Ehrlich (Selby Brown),  
Bedford, New York—Christmas, 1956**

Peter, Junior, doesn't look much like a medical director now—but he will! We are living in the country—41 miles from New York—among horses and cows, and loving it.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Richard Harrison Ragle (Barbara Barnes),  
South Royalton, Vermont—Christmas, 1956**

This is our new home in Vermont. Dick is working at Dartmouth, 30 miles away. The girls are growing up fast—Wendy is 6, and starting school; "Hille," 4½ and Holly, 1½.

. . . . .

**From Justine Pruyn (Dusty), New York, New York  
—Christmas, 1956**

Though it has been ages since I was at the FNS I still think of the wonderful summer I had with all of you and of the work you are doing. I love getting the Bulletins and reading all the news.

. . . . .

**From Barbara Clapp, Cambridge, Massachusetts  
—Christmas, 1956**

I finish college in January; and in February I plan to get a job on the West Coast teaching kindergarten. It will be fun to be on my own. I enjoy the Bulletins so much—hope that I'll be able to visit you soon.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Reukberg (Nancy Harmon),  
Cheyenne, Wyoming—Christmas, 1956**

Since I last wrote to you I have been married—while still at Keuka—and this Christmas we are so fortunate as to have a baby boy to help us celebrate the holidays. His name is Nathan John, after his grandfathers. We are so happy and each day we find new delights in being parents. Nathan John is such a good baby and so darling. Being parents is a grand and wonderful experience.

I often think of all of you and wonder how you are in that enchanting part of Kentucky. How often have I longed to come



back to see you and perhaps someday I shall be able to do so. I loved my experience with you so very much and shall never forget all of your kindnesses and the many, many useful things I learned while with you.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Gibson Fuller Dailey (Barbara White),  
Princeton, New Jersey—Christmas, 1956**

Merry, Merry Christmas from Babs and Gib and our five "enfants terrible," Sarah and Barby, the twins; Nancy, Nick and Pam. We are poor correspondents for the most part but keep warm memories of our friends down through the years. So we would like to share a few highlights with you of our life in New Jersey. Last June we left 203-year-old Van Doren House in Millstone for 206-year-old Washington Well Farm on the outskirts of Princeton. Our twenty-two acre farm boasts of no more livestock than three horses and two dogs. It is ideal countryside for riding and raising a brood of active youngsters.

The teenagers, both seventeen and seniors at Princeton High, are deeply engrossed in social life and plans for the future. Pam is heading for college to major in music and Nick for the service—both destinations unselected as yet. In our bicycle-agers Nancy is eight and in third grade and proud of her record of "outstanding" in all subjects. Riding is her hobby and her exuberance keeps pace with her growth which is almost too rapid for Babs' needle. Sarah and Barby, age seven, and in the second grade, are as unlike twins as they are in temperament. Sarah is studious and loves her ballet. She is improving in her fight against food allergies and asthma; and has inherited her Daddy's talent in art. Barby is a chip off the maternal block. She is doing well in her piano study but thinks school is something to be tolerated. The imps of mischief, with which she is well endowed, are not always evident!

Living in the country has its compensations, Gib tells himself, as he rises at six to commute. Life in rapidly sprouting, skyscraper New York is stimulating for a George A. Fuller man and he comes home at seven a bit weary but still able to sound enthusiastic. His week-ends are a city-farmer's lot of mending fences, gardening and general "do-it-yourself."



Babs is usually content with brood and house, riding with Gib on week-ends, reading, reading and reading; but when she isn't, wonderful opportunities arise to go on a trip with Gib or a week-end "away from it all," with good old Delia, who has been in the family twenty-seven years, taking over at home.

. . . . .

**From Felicia Delafield (Flicka), Long Island, New York**

—Christmas, 1956

Last summer I had a lovely trip in the British Isles. When I got to Northern Scotland I was reminded of "Wide Neighborhoods," and the lovely summer I spent with you.

This winter I am living in New York going to the New York School of Social Work. I go to classes two days each week, and have three days of field work. My field work placement is with Public Welfare in the Bronx. I do the regular job of a "social investigator," except I have more supervision and no pay. Although it is not the most rewarding placement, it certainly offers me every sort of conceivable problem.

. . . . .

**From "Ambassador" Powell (Jane Leigh's dog),**

**Glen Cove, New York—Christmas, 1956**

Merry Christmas to Susie, Gerry, Sheila, Camp, Tenacity, Peru, Fanny, Cindy, Kimo, Dilly and Dally, Harriet and daughter, Feather, Butterscotch, Frontiersman, Edna and sons, inside chickens, outside chickens and ANNA MAY. Miss you all.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. Samuel Ellison Neel (Mary Wilson),**

**McLean, Virginia—January 18, 1957**

The only puppy we kept of our lovely litter of six golden retrievers is a pretty female, now almost a year old, who doesn't see well in one eye. She was hit on our main road just before the holidays, but has recovered from a fractured skull and pelvis. Our old dog, who is "Penny's" grandson, is still a prime member of the family and as sweet as ever. He just put his feet on the library window sill and looked straight into my face as if to say he knew I was talking about him.



**From Fredericka Holdship (Freddy), Sewickley,  
Pennsylvania—January 29, 1957**

Moo and I did have the most glorious time skiing in Vermont with Jinny Branham and Amy Stevens—lots of snow and colder than Greenland. It was 47° below zero one night in Stowe! The only thing we really worried about was the car. They advised us to run it all night, so we propped a ski pole "agin" the throttle and did so—of course it ran out of gas but at least it wasn't frozen.

. . . . .

**From Mrs. M. Chase Stone (Dickey Chase), Cold Spring  
Harbor, New York—February 7, 1957**

What a really dreadful flood! I hope no people or babies were swept away. We all listened with the greatest concern to the radio reporting on Hazard and realized that the Middle Fork and Red Bird River must be catching the full force of it too. I talked with Mrs. Breckinridge on the telephone the morning of her New York meeting. She had just received your telegram and was grateful for it.

. . . . .

**From Nancy Dammann, Djakarta, Indonesia—February 16, 1957**

I've been reading in old copies of the N. Y. Times of the recent severe floods in your part of the world. I hope they bypassed your area.

This is a nice post, very different from India and Nepal and thoroughly enjoyable in many respects. The Indonesians, whom I have gotten to know, are very friendly, with a keen sense of humor. One can feel completely relaxed with them. It's a beautiful country. In a little over an hour one can drive up to the mountains from Djakarta, through picturesque paddies and lush, green tropical forests. Most of us spend at least one week-end a month in the mountains cooling off.

There is plenty to see. I've been to Bali on leave and was lucky enough to get to Sumatra before the recent bloodless revolution. I have yet to discover anybody who could properly describe Bali. It's better than any description I have ever read—the dances, the people, their way of life, the scenery, everything.



My job is an interesting one but time consuming—to put it mildly. I work for our International Coöperation Administration (Point IV) Mission, doing odd writing chores—press releases, reports, etc. This year we have a program mostly devoted to technical aid in the fields of public health, education, agriculture, etc. One of our biggest programs is malaria control and believe me that's a problem. It's the number one ailment here and very difficult to control. I never can remember figures but I know that Indonesia consists of thousands of islands. Many such as Kalimantan (Borneo) have practically no roads. So the sprayers have to go into the jungles by small boats, on foot or horseback.

#### BITS OF COURIER NEWS

**Barbara Williams** has received her degree in medicine and is now an interne in pediatrics at Grace New Haven Community Hospital, New Haven, Connecticut. We send our warm congratulations to Dr. Williams.

**Treon McGuire** is a casework student for the Smith College School of Social Work and is doing her field work at Cincinnati Family Service.

**Lucy Conant** is studying at the Harvard School of Public Health for a year.

#### A WEDDING

Miss Stephanie Etnier of New York City and Mr. John Doane, on January 26, 1957. They are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Mr. Doane is a junior at M.I.T., majoring in civil engineering.

We wish for these young people every happiness in their life together.

#### BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William L. Helm, Jr., of Weston, Massachusetts, a son, David Belknap, on February 11, 1957—weight 7 pounds and 3 ounces. We send a thousand congratulations to David's mummy and daddy, and wish for him a long, happy and useful life.



## THANKSGIVING DAY 1956

The Staff Reunion at Wendover

by

ELIZABETH KINDZERSKI, R.N., B.S.

We awoke on Thanksgiving Day to a pleasant surprise—the first snowfall of the year! It fell gently, almost imperceptibly, blanketing Hyden in the valley below our Hospital.

The jeeps would be leaving soon for Wendover so we dressed in a jolly good hurry and gathered outside. As our jeep began to wind its way down the mountain we began to realize how well air-conditioned it was. Yes, we had chosen a doorless vehicle—oh, well, we would just imagine ourselves in a sleigh—as when we were kids.

The wind was less brisk as we turned into the Mouth of Muncy Creek, forded the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, and then drove up the curving road. They said Wendover was five miles away from Hyden Hospital but it seemed to me we had already gone that far. Finally, the sight of a swinging bridge brought shouts through chattering teeth, “We’re almost there!” We laughed at the little road sign which greeted us, “Wendover—pop. 21—approx.” Now approximate could mean—well, we didn’t have too long to pursue the discussion as we were turning into “Pig Alley.” Yes that’s what I was told it was called, but I saw only one pig!

Coming into Wendover proper, we found ourselves confronted with a problem one expects to find only in a city—where were we to park? With the Wendover horses safely housed in their big barn the jeeps from outpost centers were on all sides. We finally squeezed into a slope and found ourselves at a bit of an angle. The driver got out first and held her side of the jeep while we got out the other.

On to the “Big House” where we found a capacity crowd. We headed for the blazing and welcoming fire in the stone fireplace. From the hearth we were able to get a bird’s eye view of this rustic and beautiful room which now was filled with such a warm atmosphere of Thanksgiving.

First to catch our eyes were the bright checked tablecloths on the small tables where we were to eat; the only lights were



from the candles on the mantle and the bookcases which lined most of the walls. The double casement windows to our right above the long window seat gave one a view of the slow-moving Middle Fork of the Kentucky River below. Logs extended the width of the ceiling. They seemed so sturdy and yet picturesque.

The organ strains began and we all fell into the harmony of a hymn of Thanksgiving and prayer. It was then we felt His divine presence with us, filling our hearts to overflowing with thanksgiving for all these good things coming to us from His hand.

---



HEATHER AND FREDDIE JOHNSON  
Children of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson  
(Former Social Service Secretary, Clara-Louise Schiefer)



## MY FIRST HOME DELIVERY

by  
BEULAH OLSON, R.N., C.M.

"What is most needed for learning is an humble mind."

When I entered the course of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery, I was the first of six students to be placed on district call. I could hardly wait for my first home delivery.

We had been instructed by our very efficient Dean, Miss Rayson, as to the contents of our delivery bags—but even then I couldn't imagine how one could manage in a home with the equipment they contained. (I later learned these bags did contain everything we needed.)

Only a couple of days went by in the School before the familiar ring of two longs echoed through Midwives Quarters, at 2:00 a.m. I dashed to the 'phone and as I passed by I almost took the piano bench and dining room table with me. I picked up the receiver and heard the hospital night nurse say, "District call to Bull Creek!" Bull Creek, of all places, 'way off the main road! I tore back to my room, got quickly into district uniform and found I couldn't tie my tie. I struggled for what seemed to me too long a time, and ended up jamming it into my pocket.

Miss Rayson was starting the jeep when I reached Hyden Hospital. I jumped in and off the hill we went, following the neighbor in a logging truck who had been sent in to fetch us. We were to follow him to our destination, the home of the expectant mother.

We purred up the road to Bull Creek with a cool foggy breeze blowing in our doorless jeep. During the trip I got my tie on somehow. I tied a square knot, practicing for when I would tie the cord.

On the way Miss Rayson told me there had been a shooting affray in that neighborhood. Great!, I thought. One false move from you Olson, and you'll probably be picked off the hill on a postpartum visit.

Into Bull Creek we drove, past Bull Creek Clinic and on to upper Bull Creek. We killed the engine a few times in some of the rougher places but always managed to get going again. Sud-



denly the jeep really stopped and the engine stopped too. My side of the jeep dropped down and we seemed to be sitting at a terrific angle. I looked out the door of the jeep only to see Bull Creek rushing by. We then looked ahead just in time to see the lights of the logging truck disappear somewhere into the night. That's all we needed to see at this point. We blew the horn and blew the horn, but of course the truck driver couldn't hear us. We stepped out into the water and looked the situation over. There apparently was a washout in the creek and we had driven into it with two wheels. Miss Rayson got in, started the engine and tried to move backward and tried to move forward, but to no avail. Then I tried—no luck. The wheels just spun on the rocks in the creek bed and it was evident the frame of the jeep was hung upon these rocks. There was nothing to do but to leave it and walk.

Efficient Miss Rayson just grabbed her flashlight (I hadn't thought of one) and started off. I said, "But our bags." I couldn't imagine the delivery with the bags, much less without them. She said, "The first place we come to we will send someone to get the bags." I followed her out of the creek, over a fence, and into a cornfield.

In the blackness of the night we really didn't know how far we had come up the creek. Miss Rayson had her flashlight but we could almost as well have had none for it was constantly going out at crucial moments.

We came upon a home where the hound dogs were furiously announcing our arrival. We called to the two men standing on the lighted porch of the house and said, "We are the nurses. Did a logging truck go by here?" One man informed us it had turned up the "holler" and the house we wanted was the first up the branch. Up, I thought. Why don't they say straight up? It was only a short piece up however, until we came upon the lighted waiting household.

They greeted us warmly and my worries about shooting affrays vanished from my mind immediately and forever.

The logging truck stood parked in the branch below and we sent the men back to get our bags and pull the jeep out. In no time someone was back with the bags.

Miss Rayson quickly got everything assembled as it was



evident our patient was getting on. I fixed the bed, scrubbed and gloved. Within twenty minutes after arriving we had a beautiful girl.

At 6:00 A.M. we were bouncing along home, the sun just coming up, the fog rising out of the "hollers," spring in the air and everything coming to life. I shall never forget the beauty of it and the feeling of the newness of life. How can anyone not believe that God is the Great Creator?

After arriving at Midwives' Quarters and cleaning up the bags, I sat down and wrote a note home: "Dear Mom and Dad, please send me the biggest, best flashlight you can get."

---

### JUST JOKES

The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence "He was bent on seeing her." He wrote, "The sight of her doubled him up."

. . . .

A little boy was about to purchase a ticket for a movie in the afternoon when the box office man asked: "Why aren't you in school?"

"Oh, it's all right, sir," said the youngster earnestly, "I've got the measles."

. . . .

Teacher: "If I gave you four chickens and Miss Smith gave you one chicken, how many chickens would you have?"

Johnny: "Seven chickens."

Teacher: "No, no, you'd have five."

Johnny: "Teacher, I've got two chickens already."

---

### BOREDOM

We recently read of a college professor who was so boring in one of his classes that two empty seats got up and walked out.



### THE IMPORTANCE OF TUGBOATS

Most New Yorkers, going to and from work, never see tugboats and barges. And the minority which does see tugboats shepherding a string of barges or docking a trans-Atlantic liner or a Caribbean cruise ship probably fails to realize how dependent is the welfare of all upon these small but powerful vessels. It has been estimated that up to 70 per cent of the city's fuel supply—coal and oil—is delivered by tug and barge. Some 50 per cent of the city's food supply arrives by the same means. The transshipment of import and export goods, an important source of income to the city, is handled by this method.

The tugboat workers union is now threatening another strike, which would tie up the entire port and seriously affect the well-being of every resident of the city. During a twelve-day strike in 1946, a state of emergency had to be declared. There was fuel oil rationing, a dim-out to conserve depleted stocks of fuel, closing of schools, theaters and movies and the elimination of heat on the subways. Railroads were ordered not to accept shipments to the New York area. With virtually no fuel oil storage facilities, the city faced an extremely serious situation until the Federal government moved to use the Army and Navy to get supplies in, and the strikers finally agreed to submit their demands to renewed meditation.

A similar strike in 1953 did not have quite such an adverse effect on homes and office buildings because of the mildness of the weather. But at that time it was again pointed out that although New Yorkers as such had not been greatly inconvenienced, the constant threat of waterfront trouble was steadily losing business for the port. Certainly this is a vital consideration. The menace to public health because of lack of fuel and the potential shortage of food supplies is of great importance to the metropolitan millions. These factors should certainly be taken into consideration before any tie-up of harbor traffic takes place.

*The New York Herald-Tribune*  
January 31, 1957



## OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by  
HELEN E. BROWNE

### **From Myrtle Onsrud in Andhra State, India—October 1956**

I often think of the Frontier Nursing Service and the folks I learned to know there. I am doing village public health nursing. I live in the health center and have a small dispensary besides home visiting. An Indian nurse works with me. Our primary work is prevention. We walk about the village visiting homes in the morning and in the evening we give out milk powder. The number varies—sometimes we have three hundred and other times five hundred children who come for milk powder. I am very fond of the children.

With every kind wish to you and folks in the FNS.

. . . . .

### **From Pauline Wanner in Sierra Leone, British West Africa**

—October 1956

It's good to be back here again. So much has happened since I arrived in Freetown on September 1, it's hard to believe its only been about 1½ months ago. Arriving in Yifin, after the 50-mile walk was a real thrill. We arrived on September 28th, at 10 a.m. It was wonderful to be able to hear what folks were saying, although I'd forgotten quite a bit of Kuranko. Their greetings were so enthusiastic that it made me truly glad to be back with them again.

Words fail me when I think of trying to express my appreciation of the new medical unit (Hospital), here in Yifin. It's such a contrast to the former building. The privacy and orderliness which this new building affords while seeing patients is unbelievable. Perhaps it might not appear so to some of you, but as I think of the previous building and its lack of privacy and the confusion which resulted because of it, I am utterly amazed at the present set up.

We had some real excitement here in town a few weeks ago. Four sheep and a donkey were killed and partially or completely eaten by some wild animal. It may also have gotten our nice white hen. Something got it one night. It was roosting in the



woodshed just outside the house. I heard a terrible racket and then a chicken squawked about twice and all was quiet. There were feathers all over the back yard the next morning. The natives set a trap for the animal. They put a piece of meat out as bait and tied it in such a way so that it would set off a gun and shoot the animal that was taking the meat away. They had to reset the gun twice before it finally got the animal. Guess what it was? It was a leopard! Glad now that I didn't get up to see what had gotten our chicken.

. . . . .

**From Louise Fink Bockman in Nome, Alaska—December 1956**

As always the FNS is more in my thoughts at Christmas than any other season of the year, and my best wishes come to all of you for a joyous Christmas and New Year.

Our boys are growing up so quickly. Marc is most enthusiastic about "Christmas Tree Time." Since he sees a real tree only once a year, the tree assumes special meaning for him. I wonder what he would say if he could once see trees growing like they do around Wendover. Stuart is a bouncing 30 pounds now. He is a sturdy child and can drag Marc down who weighs only 5 pounds more. Marc has always preferred playing to eating. Stuart loves to eat—a joy to me since no coaxing is required. Stuart is fascinated by the packages he sees and thinks he should try to open them at once. They are beginning to play nicely together now! We have had a pleasant, full year and are so thankful for our good health and happy family.

. . . . .

**From Mary Jo Clark in Oakland, California—December 1956**

I left Kent about the middle of July. My sister and I drove to Oakland where I have a job at Mills College. It's a small women's college, with emphasis on the liberal arts but also with recognition of the more "practical" demands of modern society—and therefore providing courses in personnel, merchandising, secretarial studies, nursing, occupational therapy, etc., for those who want a specific vocation as well as a liberal education.

My particular job is in the office of the Dean of Students partly as an assistant there, and partly in charge of placement for the college. So far, most of my work has been in placement—



some with graduates, particularly those who graduated last June and have been traveling, etc., and so are just now looking for a job; and partly trying to place students in part-time work on and off campus. And believe me, experience with the FNS has been more helpful than any formal training!—particularly when it comes to keeping records and setting up filing systems.

I'm still not used to cooking for myself, but on the whole, the apartment has worked out very well—and with a private patio off the living room, complete with shrubs, fern, and a small Japanese Maple tree! Very nice to have a space outdoors that's my own, though I'm never sure whether I'm watering things too much or too little, or which are weeds and which are flowers (the vegetation here is a little different, to say the least—but very colorful, and something always in bloom as long as it's watered over the summer).

Haven't run across any former FNS'ers so far, though many who know about the organization—matter of fact, at the beginning of school when I was being introduced to an average of 10 groups a day, the Dean made such a point of my FNS connections and jeep-driving experience that I was beginning to believe I'd been hired as a mountain chauffer instead of a placement director!

I think of you all often, and the Bulletin really did make me quite nostalgic! Parts of the country around here remind me a lot of Kentucky, though lots of it, even though hilly, is much more bare and brown than green.

. . . .

**From Nancy Newcomb Porter in Allen Park, Michigan**

December 1956

Every year I think of my Christmas with the FNS in 1947. It does not seem that long ago, for I still have a vivid picture of fixing hundreds of pounds of candy in the living room at Hyden for boys and girls of the FNS. I believe Christmas spirit in the FNS is the true spirit of Christmas.

Although I have not nursed professionally for several years, I do use some of the knowledge with two children. Susan is now 3½ and quite a lady, hoping Santa will bring her a doll and buggy; Ronnie is 15 months old and all boy. Please give my



greetings to all I know. I read the Quarterly Bulletin from cover to cover the day it arrives!

. . . . .

**From Kay Doggett Gardiner in Lyn, Ontario—December 1956**

It's over fourteen years since I left Wendover and I expect there have been many changes. My thoughts are often with you even though I never write. Meta McGuire and I manage to exchange letters every Christmas.

Ours is just a dairy farm of about 100 acres. We have no hired man so that means I have to do quite a bit of outside work. Sylvia will be ten in April. She has been driving the tractor since before her legs were long enough to reach the pedals! We have no horses of our own now, except one we are boarding for the winter. He is a big grey work horse but Sylvia is crazy to ride him. She has been trying it out this past week since the snow came—there have been no tumbles yet!

Please remember me to all those who knew me. Wishing everyone the best at Christmas and in the New Year.

. . . . .

**From Ethel Mickle in Midhurst, England—December 1956**

It was so lovely seeing Peggy (McQueen) at Thanksgiving after her visit to you and getting first-hand news from an "Old-Timer." I am so glad that we are able to keep up our little reunion and so keep in touch with the Service. We had a record attendance this year.

No changes so far as my affairs go. I have settled down here until I retire, I suppose. My sister has just spent two months with me—after being pretty ill with an appendix abscess and later having the appendix removed, but she is better and walking again.

. . . . .

**From Margaret Field in Seward, Alaska—December 1956**

I arrived here January 6th, after a delightful plane trip across the country. I first saw Alaska on a day of brilliant sunshine (such days are not too common here, especially in the winter) and deep snow, with a temperature seven degrees above zero. The climate is not nearly so severe as you might suppose.



The cold and the snow aren't bad at all (the latter probably because the streets are kept so well cleared) but the ice and wind are really something to contend with. You simply can't conceive of the force and fury of the wind as it sweeps down the canyon. The first night of the terrible wind (I was on night duty) I seriously wondered whether the hospital, the patients, and I would still be together by morning. After the trepidation of that first night I realized that the hospital would probably continue standing, regardless of indications to the contrary.

Seward General is a 30 bed hospital, small enough to be informal and friendly and large enough to give a nurse excellent general experience. The nearest hospital is 128 road miles and 75 air miles away, so you see how important we are. Most of our patients are white rather than native. I've had a wide and interesting experience, even in this less than a year at Seward. I didn't come here for the excitement but, after a brief period, I concluded that any other life would be extremely dull. I am so happy to be back in hospital nursing.

The nurses' home is only three years old and is certainly the most convenient, most luxurious dormitory I ever lived in—and I've seen lots in my day! I have a single room on the second floor front, with a million dollar view of Resurrection Bay and snow-capped mountains beyond. A fine new hospital is going up right next door (the present one is three blocks away) and will be ready by spring.

This situation reminds me so much of the Frontier Nursing Service, partly, I'm sure, because I've worked nights so much in both places and therefore have faced an interesting, sometimes formidable, array of unconventional emergencies. I mustn't neglect to tell you that I was asked to talk about the FNS at one of our district nurses' association meetings, one where we invited girls who were interested in nursing as a career.

In October, while visiting a Yale School of Nursing friend in Soldatna, Shirley took me to visit a friend of hers who turned out to be none other than your Ruth Sheidler Hursh. We had only a few minutes to talk but hope for another meeting in the spring when we can really get acquainted over the FNS.

And it's only a few weeks ago that I learned where Bertha Bloomer is. One of my friends thought she was in Seward but



I knew I would have met up with her if she'd been that close. You see, I didn't know her married name. She's in Juneau, which is a "fur piece" from Seward. Since we're going to entertain the territorial nurses' convention in June, I hope to have a chance to see Bertha.

Even little Seward is highly organized and there's no leisure time problem as far as I'm concerned. I am secretary for the Seward General staff meetings, secretary of our Woman's Society at church, secretary of the general duty section of the Alaska Nurses' Association, chairman of the program committee or the local nurses' association, and teacher of a second grade Sunday School class.

Last but not least, I'm editor of *The Alaska Nurse*, the quarterly publication of the Alaska Nurses' Association. I have always wanted to write but had no idea that coming to Alaska would bring me my heart's desire so soon. It's a big headache at times but challenging and fascinating. One difficulty is that the manuscript must be sent to Juneau to be printed (there are no facilities in Seward). Another (and much more fundamental) difficulty is that the average nurse in Alaska, while she says she wants a magazine, doesn't care enough to make any contributions to it herself!

I'll send you the last issue of our magazine, which has an article by Evelyn Mottram. Bertha is responsible for the little sketches scattered through the pages. She also is doing our Christmas cover. Isn't it a coincidence how the FNS meets up in Alaska to collaborate on a magazine for the nurses? I read the FNS Bulletin and think of you all frequently, with real affection. My very best wishes to all.

. . . . .

**From Carolyn Booth Gregory in Bridgeport, Connecticut**

—December 1956

Hugo is back at school studying for his Ph.D. now and I am going to school evenings, besides working mornings, at a very outstanding school for brain injured children.

I do want to bring my husband and little Kathleen to see you sometime! Now that the Army is behind, if we can get the schooling finished, we can begin to do things we just want



to do. With many, many good wishes to you and the FNS at Christmas time.

. . . .

**From Peggy Brown in Santa Fe, New Mexico—December 1956**

I was fortunate enough to get home to England this summer to see the family. Jo was very busy working and flying for the Junior Women's Air Corps so did not have much free time. It was so nice to have a glimpse of Brownie in London.

I hope the little candle will burn brightly on Christmas Eve. I love to think of it.

. . . .

**From Josephine Green in Washington, D. C.—December 1956**

I think of you folks so often and the wonderful work you are doing. My thoughts are with all the good that goes on there and I'm so sure that if I didn't have six more years to retirement from the Army, I would like to be back with you all.

. . . .

**From Eve Chetwynd in Watford, England—February 1957**

When little old Hazard gets itself into the **London Times**, it seems to me it is time to write and ask how you all are. You must all be having a very anxious and distressing time. I do hope no FNS personnel or property have suffered damage. Seems no happy medium—two years ago it was all drought and fires. Seventeen feet of water! Now I know why the swinging bridges had to be so high. They used to scare me stiff.

We have had an amazing mild winter so far. I am sure we had more sunny days in January than in any one month last summer.

Did you know I was a new property owner? Having at last permission to be non-resident, I have bought a little house and am very comfortably ensconced. It is not far to bicycle backwards and forwards and I am enjoying the independence more than I can say.

The district work has been exceptionally quiet since Christmas, but we've got something coming to us soon. Last year's district deliveries were up from 525 to 564 so I don't think we need worry about a lull.

Love and best wishes to you all.



**From Margaret Oracko Novotny (Midge) from Mingo  
Junction, Ohio—February 1957**

Though I am busy being mother and housewife, I often think of all of you and my experiences with the FNS. We have one boy, John Wayne, Jr., 22 months, and we are expecting another in July.

It's now been three years since I have talked to a large group about the FNS. I am in charge of two programs scheduled for April 4th and May 14th. I look forward to the Bulletin and read it faithfully.

. . . . .

**From Virginia Fredrick Bowling (Ginny) in Ann Arbor,  
Michigan—February 1957**

I regret I could not come down with my husband when the truck load of articles were delivered to Hyden. I did so want to come but the truck was so high off the ground that I would have had to be lifted in as I still don't climb very well.

But I wanted to do something for the FNS as I knew the flood must have stricken many of the centers. I only wish I could have done more. I hope the things that were sent will be of some help.

The gas for the truck was also donated by some of us and in a few days you will be receiving a small donation that was gotten at a benefit card party (for the flood victims of Hyden and the Frontier Nursing Service).

We collected the truck load of articles in three days so you see how anxious everyone was to help your area.

. . . . .

**From Clara Dale Echols Winship in Bristol, Tennessee  
February 1957**

We have been so concerned for all of you this week. From the Knoxville papers, we saw that Leslie and Clay counties were both badly hit. And my recollections of the Middle Fork in tide, even in a mild tide, are fearful.

It has been a busy, happy winter. With David in kindergarten, I expected to be the mythical lady of leisure—instead I find myself again in an office! The college needed someone to take our alumni files and public relations work for a while, and



I am enjoying it very much. How often I smile and think of you when my "Pending" file gets crowded—and I think, "well, next week I'll get organized."

The children are well and big. Susan goes to junior high next year when David starts first grade. James, in the middle, is a boy of boundless exuberance and enthusiasm. I wish you could know them.

. . . .

**From Betty Ann Bradbury in St. Petersburg, Florida**

February 1957

The flood news has had me heart-sick. Of course, I know what the rivers and creeks have probably done to Hyden, Wendoover, and the whole area—and the aftermath: the slips, the mess, the struggle—the loss of life and property.

There is a possibility that I may join the faculty of Barry College in their degree program School of Nursing. To my surprise, while in Covington, I discovered that teaching is fun and that I enjoy it much more than I ever realized! To teach nursing principles, and especially those phases of nursing principles that afforded me such good experiences while with the FNS, seems like a wonderful idea to me. Perhaps, with a little study and preparation, I could teach Obstetrics with a bit more assurance than most nurses who are without midwifery experience.

. . . .

**From Joyce Stevens (Stevie) in Cheltenham, England**

February 1957

The Bulletin was waiting when I got back from my weekend last night, so my coat and boots stayed on until I had read it right through. I sure was sorry to read about Joker (Florence Moore). She was such a nice person. And Babette, too—it just won't seem right not to have her looking out of her stall.

I moved into Cheltenham after Christmas—have a very nice roomy, quiet flatlet, where I can scatter all my pictures, books, and gimmicks around, in a settled way again. The course plows on. I surely envy, was it Joy, being able to lecture to students on the FNS—what a gift. So far, I've given two bathing demonstrations, have to give an hour's lecture on "The Child from two to five" to nursery students, and with one other



H.V. student, prepare a 3,000 word thesis on "The state of nutrition of the family is a reflection of the weekly income."

. . . . .

**From Ruth Waterbury Coates in Chittenango, New York**

February 1957

You people in Kentucky have been in my thoughts so much these last few weeks—all of you in the Service and the people I knew who lived along the rivers and the branches. I cannot help but feel that Leslie County had its full share of the suffering. I hope 1957 will be a splendid year for the FNS. Babette's passing made me sad, but I realized that she must be very old. I enjoyed riding Babette more than any of the others. I send my best to all I know.

. . . . .

**From Della Int-Hout in Phoenix, Arizona—February 1957**

I have been thinking of you all in the FNS and in the Cumberland mountains, and wish so much that I could be there to help. I cried for all our mountain people when I read of the floods. It came home so strongly to me—all the poor people having to leave their homes.

I am very well now since I started to work part time. I have more time to read and to work in my garden which is going to be beautiful. My love to all of you.

### Newsy Bits

Monica Hayes has a new position as Casualty Sister at the Mile End Hospital in the East end of London. She writes: "I love to read the Bulletin and the news of people I know. It is sad to read of the passing of such old friends as Rick and Babette. To me they will always be at Wendover."

Mollie Kirchgassner writes: "I am going to school again on a Government Scholarship to get my Masters in Nursing Administration. I think of you often and the wonderful work you are doing."

Adelheid Muller writes: "I think of you so often. I have been doing psychiatric nursing since my return from the Orient."



I am looking forward to a good job situation in St. Louis next summer."

### Weddings

Miss Vivienne Blake and Mr. Christopher Twiss on February 23, 1957, in Worcester, England. After the wedding Vivienne and her husband returned to the Gold Coast, where both have been working.

Miss Mary Ewing and Mr. Montford Parr at Doleib Hill, Upper Nile Province, Sudan on January 24, 1957.

Miss Audrey Lafrenz and Mr. Bieberdorf in New Guinea on December 1, 1956.

To these young people we send our very best wishes for a useful and happy life together.

### New Baby

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muncy (Sally MacMillan) of Wooton, Kentucky, a daughter, Carolyn Elizabeth, on January 16, 1957.

. . . .

We extend our deepest sympathy to the family and friends of Ruth Davis, who died suddenly following a motor accident on December 23, 1956.

---

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT

#### **The Bargain Box, Inc.**

(A Charity Thrift Shop)

Cordially invites you to a Benefit Performance of

#### **The Ziegfeld Follies**

A musical review starring

Beatrice Lillie

Billy de Wolf and Harold Lang

Thursday, April 11, 1957

Winter Garden

For information about tickets write Mrs. Harold F. McGuire,  
130 East End Avenue, New York 28, New York.



## TEA AT WENDOVER

by  
REBECCA BROWN

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .

—William Cowper, *The Task*, 1785

Tea at Wendover is announced by the ringing of a cow bell. This most welcome sound brings forth the office workers, nurses, couriers, guests and dogs (and Sheila, the cat), to gather in the living room of the Big House. Perhaps the day has been rather hectic, with a minor crisis or two; maybe it is raining right steadily and the couriers are wondering if the jeeps will have to be taken out before the river goes on a rampage. But whatever the worry may be it is forgotten, or at least put aside, when one opens the door and is soon the recipient of a cup of piping hot tea. There are comfortable chairs, or hassocks near the huge fireplace and the logs send out red and blue flames.

I am always fascinated by the accents of such of the nurses as are British, and perhaps some guest from the Far East—or even the girls from the different sections of our own country. Weighty matters are seldom discussed at this hour. It is rather a time for pleasant relaxation.

---

### A HARD TIME

The man who goes through life thinking what a hard time he has, does have a hard time.

---

### PLAY FAIR

Those who break faith with their fellow-men seldom have a chance to break it with success.



## BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

The Washington Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. C. Griffith Warfield, sponsored its now traditional John Mason Brown Benefit on Tuesday morning, January 29, in the auditorium of the Washington Club. It was such a huge success that there was standing room only. Members of the Washington Committee, bless them, gave up their own seats to new ticket buyers. Before introducing our celebrated speaker, Mrs. Warfield gave an excellent brief report on the Frontier Nursing Service. She also read a cablegram sent from Montevideo by the former chairman of the Washington Committee, Mrs. Jefferson Patterson—

“Greetings to Frontier Nursing Service Committee and John Mason Brown and all success to benefit.”

. . . .

The Boston Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Nelson M. Knight, is repeating this March its Saturday morning movie for children—as this year's benefit. The Bulletin may not reach you before **THE GREAT ADVENTURE** and cartoons on March 16, but you should have it before **THE PHANTOM HORSE** and cartoons on March 23. Both movies are at 10:00 a.m. at the Exeter Street Theatre and the price for a ticket is only \$1.10. Mrs. Theodore Chase (old courier, Dorothea Newman) is the treasurer and her address is Farm Street, Dover, Massachusetts.

. . . .

Our National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, of Louisville has set the date of Monday, May 27, for the annual meeting of trustees and members of the Frontier Nursing Service. It will be held this year in the ballroom of the Lafayette Hotel, Lexington, Kentucky, immediately following luncheon. Please put this on your calendars.

## TOWN AND TRAIN

I left Wendover with a light heart in Mid-January for a trip to the East, little knowing that the catastrophic floods would



have descended on my beloved mountains before I returned home. For my first engagement, in **Hartford, Connecticut**, I got an early afternoon train in New York on January 17. Vanda Summers, so long a member of our staff and always so kind, took me to the station, got a porter, and put me on the train. Mrs. George J. Mead met the train in Hartford and took me to her lovely place, "Balbrae," out on the Mountain Road where I was to stay and where I had time to wash and dress before the evening meeting. The meeting in the assembly hall of the Old South Church was preceded by a delectable supper which Mrs. Mead personally cooked. After the large crowd of people had eaten all they could hold, there was a most moving evening service conducted by the Reverend Henry David Gray. Then I spoke and showed my standard stereopticon, hand-colored slides. The Rev. John R. Elmore, assistant to Mr. Gray, ran the machine without a hitch. All sorts of people came and spoke to me afterwards, old friends and new ones including some of the leading Hartford nurses.

I wrote my name and a greeting in a number of copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* which had been ordered by Miss Mary Mead, volunteer librarian of Old South Church.

Friday, January 18, was a busy day. Mrs. Edgar Butler (old courier, Sally Taylor) had arranged a courier luncheon at the Golf Club. Old couriers living in Hartford, or not too far away, who were able to come were: Mrs. Charles Steffens, Jr. (Jolly Cunningham); Mrs. Joseph M. Smith (Barbara Glazier); Mrs. Harold Colvocoresses (Jo Rice). They had arranged a marvelous surprise for me. I nearly passed out when who should walk into the room but Marion Ross, our first statistician and so loved a member of our staff throughout our early years. Bobby Glazier Smith had telephoned her to come down from Toronto for the occasion. We did, all of us, have such a good time at that luncheon! Sally Butler drove me back to "Balbrae" where I spoke at 2:30 p.m. Mrs. Mead had asked all of our old friends in Hartford, and they are many, to come to this meeting and stay afterwards for tea and a social hour. Unfortunately, there always are some whom one especially wants to see, who are tied up, or out of town, or sick. But a great many did come and I loved that social hour.

After an early dinner, Mrs. Mead took me to the station.



My train was a day coach, local but quite comfortable, and I got back to **New York** and the Cosmopolitan Club between 9:00 and 10:00 o'clock.

I stayed in and around New York for a week seeing a number of personal and Frontier Nursing Service friends, including some of my own kinspeople. Among these last was my sister-in-law, Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge (Martha Prewitt) who lives in California but had come to New York for a bit. She and I dined with Alan Dunn, brother-in-law of my sister, and his wife, Mary Petty. Our honorary Philadelphia chairman, Mrs. Walter Biddle McIlvain, turned up for a few days in New York. She and I made a thrilling visit to the new **Bargain Box** together. Another rare experience for me was the privilege of attending the Monday tea given by the Cosmopolitan Club members. It was such a pleasure to meet and talk with other out-of-town members who were stopping at the club, and those of the New York members who acted as hostesses for the tea.

On Friday afternoon, January 25, I got a train to **Boston** where I put up at the little old Lincolnshire Hotel on Charles Street that I have used and liked for many years. Flowers and notes of kind invitation from members of the Boston Committee welcomed me.

Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Charles, with her daughter, our courier Amy Stevens, came to the hotel to take me out to their place at North Andover. I did have such a good time! We drove all around that comparatively unchanged part of old New England, seeing the houses so many of which had belonged, and still belong, to Amy's people. If there were time and space in which to do it, I should like to write the stories of each one. Late that afternoon Amy and her friend, Polly Paradise, drove me back to Boston.

On Sunday I went to Trinity Church with Mrs. Guido R. Perera and had a quiet supper that evening with her. In between I lunched with my young Grandin cousins out at Chestnut Hill, and had a full and wonderful hour with Sue Grandin's mother, Mrs. Waring Wilson, with whom my relationship is more that of a sister than of a first cousin. She is now an invalid and such a gallant, humorous one, grieving only because she cannot do all the active things she once did, not only for her own family but



as a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service. Sunday night my associate director, Helen E. Browne ("Brownie"), turned up in Boston to carry through with me during the coming heavy week. She had to come East anyway for a conference in New York with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company who have maternity case records they are tabulating for us, so she joined me in New England. This made my traveling from then on easier than it had been.

Monday afternoon was the day of our big Boston meeting in the auditorium of the Gardner House followed by tea upstairs in the big lounge. Our Boston chairman, Mrs. Nelson Knight, came early to lunch with me so that we could talk over a lot of things together, then she drove me to Gardner House where I spoke with my colored slides. Mrs. Isabella Grandin had done such a superb job of advance publicity that we had a good crowd in spite of weather which was all slush turning to ice. Our Boston couriers were there en masse, acting as ushers. Members of our wonderful Boston Committee brought a lot of friends with them. Among the men who came, I was particularly happy to see our Boston treasurer, Mr. Charles Jackson. His fine secretary, Miss Hodge, came too. It was all tremendously heartening to me to feel the support and affection of so many old friends.

We had a special meeting of the executive group of the Boston Committee on Tuesday at the Chilton Club, where our beloved honorary chairman, Mrs. Ernest Amory Codman, presided at the head of the long table in the private dining room. Our former courier and chairman, Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (Mardi Bemis), suggested an idea for next year's benefit. Plans were matured for the benefit this spring—Children's moving pictures, which had been so successful last year. Brownie and I gave intimate reports on the field work. Then everybody drove back over the icy roads to the places they had come from.

On Wednesday morning I picked up the *Boston Herald*, which had come up with my coffee, and saw, to my horror, on the front page a report of the great floods with a mention of Hazard as being under 17 feet of water. Before we took the train for **Providence**, Brownie and I tried to get a call through but were told, naturally enough, that all circuits at Hazard were down.



Nothing could have exceeded the dearness of our Providence friends when we turned up there soon after noon. Our chairman, Mrs. Sinclair Armstrong, met the train in the car of Mrs. Gammell Cross, with its chauffeur, which she had put at our disposal. The first engagement of the day was a luncheon given by one of our former chairmen, Mrs. Edward Jastram, and attended by members of the committee. They were all so welcoming, and so kind in their concern over the floods. The Providence papers, which Mrs. Cross had saved, had a fuller account than the Boston ones, but with those awful gaps of places about which no accounts could be given. After this restful luncheon, Brownie and I were driven back to Mrs. Armstrong's house where we stayed until time to go to the meeting in the Crystal Room of Pembroke College. There I spoke with slides after Mrs. Armstrong's moving introduction. Mrs. William Grosvenor, Jr. (old courier Lucy Pitts), Secretary of the Providence Committee and Mrs. Philip Cutler (old courier Rose Gardner) were in charge of the young ushers. There was a very good crowd and we all met at tea afterwards. I was so happy to have that wonderful Miss Mary Gardner attend the meeting and the tea.

We drove back to the Sinclair Armstrongs' house where Mary and Sin, Mrs. George Arthur Lumb, Brownie and I had a quiet family dinner. Sin and Mary saw us off on the train for **New York** about 9:00 o'clock—another local all-coach train, but I had Brownie with me to help with luggage and in locating a porter. We got to the Cosmopolitan Club about 1:00 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, January 31.

The afternoon of this same Thursday, the New York Committee held its annual meeting in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club. While Brownie was meeting her engagement with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company statisticians, I was trying to get through by telephone to the mountains. All circuits were still down. But before our meeting at 4:00 p.m. I received a telegram sent from Richmond, Kentucky (about a hundred miles from Hyden) that day and signed by Agnes Lewis and Jane Furnas. This was reassuring as far as it went. But it couldn't tell me much and my heart was oppressed when I rose to make my report to our New York subscribers and friends.

We had a fine meeting. Our New York chairman, Mrs. Sey-



mour Wadsworth, presided delightfully. Mrs. Walter Binger, Frontier Nursing Service treasurer for the Bargain Box, presented me with \$2,000.00. In Mrs. Herman F. Stone's absence her daughter, Helen (our Pebble), read her report from the audit of funds received through the New York Committee during the past fiscal year. I was amazed at the large number of people who had come despite the bitter weather, including a few from outside the city. Among these was my cousin, Henry Breckinridge, with his wife and little daughter, Madeleine, who presented me with a bouquet of flowers when I ended my talk. I have rarely spoken to a more sympathetic crowd than those New Yorkers. Strength came to me from them in waves.

A most delightful surprise awaited me when the meeting was over. Brownie brought up no less a person than our medical director, Dr. Rogers Beasley. The crowd were just scattering toward the tea table when I introduced him from the platform, and he was given a big applause. Then, he and I had the opportunity of meeting and talking to many Frontier Nursing Service committee members, subscribers and other friends.

Dr. Beasley had been having three marvelous days attending a symposium on Fetal Salvage sponsored by the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital and the Seton Hall College of Medicine at Murdock Hall Auditorium, Jersey City Medical Center. Our friends, Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove and Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., and the other fine men at the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital had given him so many fascinating opportunities that he had not opened a newspaper or listened to a radio while he was in Jersey City. He arranged to get an airplane from Newark that night for Kentucky. The next news we had from him was a telegram sent from Lexington early Friday afternoon to Dr. Crunden, saying that the Kentucky State Police were taking him to Hyden.

This brings my rather prolonged narrative to Friday, February 1. Our courier, Leigh Powell, drove Brownie and me out to the Women's Club at **Montclair, New Jersey**, on one of the stormiest, iciest days of the winter season. I was to speak with slides at 2:30 p.m. We arrived in time and were greeted by the chairman of the Education Department, Mrs. Clarence B. Newman, a delightful person; our equally delightful friends, Dr. and



Mrs. Allan B. Crunden, Jr.; and various officers and members of the club. I was amazed at the size of the crowd in such weather—360 people! That kind of thing, as every speaker knows, is due to really hard work and excellent advance publicity on the part of those sponsoring a meeting. While tea was served afterwards, imagine Brownie's and my joy when Mrs. Donald Whitlock (Louisa Chapman, our "Chappie") turned up with Stephen, one of her four young sons. Another joy was to be greeted by Mrs. Wade Hampton (old courier Lill Middleton). I inscribed and autographed some twenty copies of *Wide Neighborhoods* that a Montclair book seller had sent to the club to be sold. Later we drove with the Crundens to their place for dinner. Their picturesque house looked like a Christmas card with the lights shining out on the evergreens and the snow. There to greet us were Dr. Crunden's charming father and the lovely Crunden daughter, Joan. Other guests who turned up during the storm were two distinguished nurses from the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, Miss Ruth A. Watters, Associate Director of Nursing and Miss Jean F. Hogg, Administrative Assistant to the Medical Director, and a most attractive Swiss doctor and his wife who is a nurse-midwife. It is hard to tear one's self away from a gathering like that. But the long drive to New York lay ahead of us. With a superb driver like Leigh, we had no qualms even when approaching the tunnel. But it was sad to pass miles of cars blocked by a skidding truck on the out-going side of the tunnel.

On Saturday, February 2, Leigh drove Brownie and me out to Lawrence, Long Island, to lunch with those dear friends of ours, Mrs. Herman F. Stone and Pebble. Then Leigh took Brownie out to Glen Cove, Long Island, to spend the night, and Pebble drove me back to the Cosmopolitan Club. It was Saturday night that I received, by special delivery, my first letter from home since the great floods on Tuesday. In it Agnes Lewis told me about Governor Chandler having come through Hyden and arranged for emergency power for the town and for the Hospital. She also gave me some heart-sickening details of how many of our friends had suffered due to the disaster, and reassured me about the safety of our staff.

On Monday, February 4, Brownie and Vanda took me to my train for Kentucky. (Brownie with couriers Jean, Leigh and



Jinny went down by car.) I had planned to stay in Lexington until I could get back home, and I did stay there all of Tuesday, seeing something of some of the kinspeople that mean so much to me. Lena Gray with Polly Hicks drove down for me, and I came back with them on Wednesday, February 6. We went first to Hyden Hospital so that I could see Betty Lester and she could brief me about everything there. Then a jeep, "The Rabbit," driven by Lois Buhl, took us to the mouth of Muncy Creek. There Hobert Cornett met us. We crossed the make-shift footbridge over Muncy Creek and went around the mountain to where the swinging bridge had been before the flood. Hobert took us in relays in our boat, "The Greasy Bean," over the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River. When we had landed, our old jeep, "Mr. Turveydrop" (named for the dancing master in Dickens' *Bleak House*) carried us to a place in the road below Wendover Big House. It was still too "mirey," with quicksand and muck, for the jeep to make it up Pig Alley and through the pull-gate. Blazing logs in the big stone fireplace in the living room welcomed me. It was home. But for some of my friends there was no home and no hearth with a fire to welcome them.

Mary Breckinridge

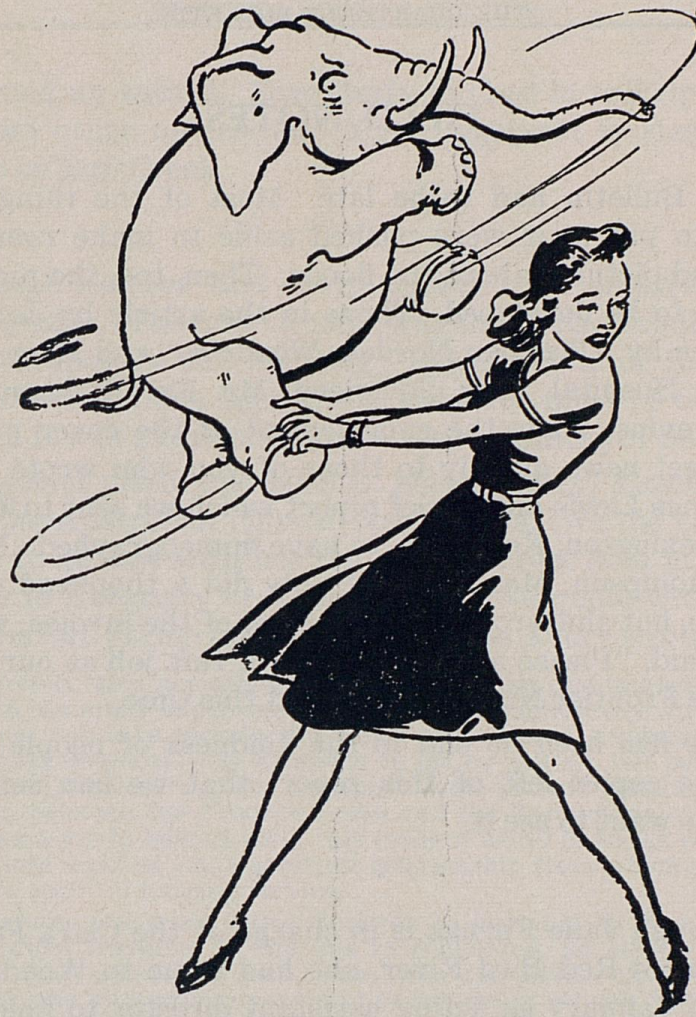
---

#### OUR MAIL BAG

**From our Trustee, Mrs. Arthur Bray, in Yorkshire, England, February 1, 1957:** I am so distressed to hear of the awful floods in Kentucky, and I must tell you how grieved I am. . . . On our radio last night Hazard was mentioned and how shockingly it was flooded. . . . I am sure the Middle Fork River is in an awful state, and I know what danger and work and loss it all entails. . . . I send many loving thoughts and sympathy for all the poor folk driven from their homes.



## WHITE ELEPHANT



### DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,  
1579 Third Avenue, New York 28, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received thousands of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook; odd bits of silver.—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE  
1579 Third Avenue  
New York 28, New York



## FIELD NOTES

This Bulletin had to be late. Most of the things we had planned to put in it were pushed aside to make room for the stories and pictures about the floods. Then, too, the pictures had to go out to be developed. Those in the article by Jane Furnas were taken by Alice Van Norden, Wendover, and Mary Simmers, at Hyden Hospital. Our old friend, Mr. Earl Palmer, a photographic genius, made the enlargement of the cover picture. In order to get news quickly to those of you who wrote anxiously for it, Agnes Lewis did a brief report which we sent to **The Letter Shop** in Lexington, Kentucky, to have mimeographed. Mrs. Richard E. Thompson, Manager, not only did a thousand copies for us at once, but she wrote on the bottom of the invoice, which was marked paid, "Please accept the cost of this job as our contribution to the Frontier Nursing Service at this time."

There has been no end to the kindness of people! We still have some copies left of this report that we can send to any of you who want to see it.

. . . .

Although Jane Furnas is in charge of the Clara Ford Nursing Center on Red Bird River, she had come to Wendover near the end of January as acting assistant director to hold the fort while Helen E. Browne spent ten days in the East. When Jane was field supervisor and headquartered at Wendover, she had built a boat—"The Greasy Bean"—for pleasure trips on the river. It was destined to become a working boat, the only means of transport over the river at the Muncy Ford, for the first weeks after the flood. Jane has now given "The Greasy Bean" to the Frontier Nursing Service.

. . . .

We must now go back to a few events of the early winter. On the last Saturday in December, Faith Cottage, home of Miss Elizabeth Lagerveld, Missionary on Bull Creek, was destroyed by fire. All of Miss Lagerveld's friends in and around Hyden were heartsick, not only over the loss of her home but of the many lovely pieces of handcraft and other personal possessions



which burned up with it. Everybody pitched in to help out with bedding and other necessities. Miss Lagerveld is staying with old friends on Bull Creek.

. . . . .

In late December and early January we entertained two delightful guests. The first to come was Dr. Berta Hamilton, head of the Anthropology and Sociology Departments of Keuka College. Dr. Hamilton has been the advisor for most of our Keuka volunteers. It was a rare pleasure to see something of her.

Our second guest was Miss L. Mavis Avery, Executive Secretary of the Australian Nurses' Association. We did enjoy her! It was fun to discuss with her the things nurses hold in common, either here in Kentucky or Down Under. We quote with humble appreciation two paragraphs of a letter Miss Avery wrote us:

Already with nostalgia, I think of my visit and immediately draw on the many happy memories I have brought away with me. These do not only include the warm friendliness, kindness and hospitality so generously extended to me by you all, but perhaps even more outstanding, the excellent nurse-patient relationships existing between the Frontier nurse and the Kentuckian. To me this was a joy to behold, as in this modern world of today we are apt to lose sight of this important relationship from which stems the true spirit of nursing service.

Perhaps the most fitting farewell to my visit to Wendover came, when traveling in the bus to Richmond, an elderly lady sitting near asked if I had come from the FNS. Upon being told yes, she promptly commenced to tell me of all you had done for the Kentucky people, and ended up by saying she really knew as she had been one of the midwives working at the time up at Beech Fork when you established the Frontier Nursing Service. Whereupon a young school girl sitting next to her said she knew about the FNS as it is in their school history book. I cannot tell you how pleased I was to hear that.

. . . . .

Early in December Olive Bunce, nurse-midwife in charge of the Bowlingtown center, left for a visit to her family on the Isle of Wight. Two of our own graduates have been relieving for Olive's vacation and leave of absence. They are Jane Fielding and Addie Hamilton, and they have done a grand job of caring for the patients in the Bowlingtown district.

In January we said good-bye to two nurse-midwives—Josephine Sagebeer and Ruth Burleigh. Jo is not too far away from us, as she has joined the staff of the Miners Memorial Hospital



at Harlan. Ruth went to her sister in Laredo, Texas, taking her dog, Gerry, with her. Our best wishes go to them both.

Anna May January, our Field Supervisor, whose home is in Texas, drove with Ruth and Gerry as far as Houston. Anna May is taking her annual vacation.

Anne Cundle, one of our British nurse-midwives, has taken over the Wendover district. It is she who struggled through deep water in a valiant effort to rescue the two heifers from their flooded barn.

It was with sad hearts that we said good-bye to Molly Lee when she left on February 24 to fly back to her home in England. She has had disquieting news of her mother's health, and urgent messages to return. As you will have read elsewhere in this Bulletin, Molly Lee and Carol Banghart had worked day and night in the heart of the floods—at the Possum Bend Center at Confluence. Molly was terribly tired when she left us.

. . . .

After an absence of over seven months, due to the long illness and death of her father, Jean Hollins is back with us again as resident courier. What her return means to all of us in the Service, including the animals, she can never know. Jinny Branham of Hingham, Massachusetts has just returned as senior courier—she has lined up for herself many projects over and above the call of courier duty. Lois Buhl of Erie, Pennsylvania, has been with us all winter—the past week at Confluence helping the nurses clear the grounds and barn of flood debris. Alice Van Norden of Roxbury, Connecticut, daughter of our old courier Becky Crane, is serving as Junior courier during her winter field period from Bennington College. The week following the floods Lois and Alice were our only couriers and we couldn't have managed without them. Anne Reynolds of Hudson, Ohio, came back for three weeks in January to help us out and left just two days before the disaster hit us. She would have come right back, had she been able to get in to us.

Jane Leigh Powell who so admirably relieved for Jean as resident courier, until she went home for Christmas, has returned as a volunteer office assistant. She is acting as Brownie's secre-



tary and helping Polly Hicks with the tabulation of nursing records.

. . . . .

Mrs. Helen C. Ripley of Massillon, Ohio, spent nearly six weeks with us in January and early February as a volunteer in the office. She was so friendly, capable and versatile that by the time she left she had given a "lift" in every office. Seldom have we had one come for such a brief period who so quickly became "one of us" and in so short a time did as much for us.

Miss Rebecca Brown, another staff member who is already "one of us," came back for a few weeks to help in the offices. This she does every now and then!

We are grateful to Mrs. Ann Bracy for helping us out at the Hospital as secretary to the medical director for six months. Pending the time we find a suitable permanent secretary for Dr. Beasley, Zondra Lindblade, assistant executive secretary, is doing his work on clinic days.

. . . . .

We cannot end this Bulletin without a tribute to the American Red Cross—all of it, from our own local chapter on up to the national headquarters in Washington. We remember, when the floods came to Pennsylvania and New England, our local chapter held a meeting at Haggin Quarters for Nurses to plan its campaign. A quota was set, much larger than any this poor section had ever been asked to meet. While we were all wondering if we could make it, one of the men got up and said,

"Those people up there helped us, through the Red Cross, when we had our flood in 1947. We must strain ourselves to help them now."

God bless the American Red Cross.

. . . . .

As these closing lines are written the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, like all its forks and branches, is again a limpid green, flowing tranquilly between the banks it has so lately ravaged.



**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, INC.****EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE****Chairman**

Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky.

**Vice-Chairmen**Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich.  
Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky.**Treasurer**

Mr. Edward S. Dabney, Security Trust Co., Lexington, Ky.

**Recording Secretary**

Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky.

**Corresponding Secretary**

Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.

Mr. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. R. M. Bagby, Lexington, Ky.  
Mr. Percy N. Booth, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. John Clay, Paris, Ky.  
Mr. A. B. Comstock, Louisville, Ky.  
Mr. James W. Henning, Louisville, Ky.Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.  
Hon. Thruston B. Morton, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson, Montevideo,  
Uruguay  
Mrs. Roger K. Rogan, Glendale, Ohio  
Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. F. H. Wright, Lexington, Ky.**Chairman Emeritus**

Mr. E. S. Jouett, Louisville, Ky.

**AUDITORS**

Hifner and Potter, Lexington, Ky.

**BOARD OF TRUSTEES**

Mrs. Peter Lee Atherton, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. William R. Blair, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.  
Mrs. Harry Clark Boden, Newark, Del.  
Mrs. Draper Boncompagni, Washington, D. C.  
Mr. and Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd, Chicago, Ill.  
Mrs. Arthur Bray, Yorkshire, England  
Mr. Henry Breckinridge, New York  
Mrs. H. Bissell Carey, Farmington, Conn.  
Mrs. George Chase Christian, Wayzata, Minn.  
Mr. William L. Clayton, Lexington, Ky.  
Mrs. E. A. Codman, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. William W. Collin, Jr., Sewickley, Pa.  
Mrs. Gammell Cross, Providence, R. I.  
Mr. Dewey Daniel, Hazard, Ky.  
Mrs. Edward B. Danson, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Mrs. John W. Davidge, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. Leonard Davidson, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. Addison Dimmitt, Louisville, Ky.  
Dr. H. L. Donovan, Lexington, Ky.  
Mrs. Archibald Douglas, New York  
Dr. Louis I. Dublin, New York  
Mr. Emmitt Elam, Hyden, Ky.  
Mr. Rex Farmer, Hazard, Ky.  
Judge H. Church Ford, Georgetown, Ky.  
Mrs. William A. Galbraith, Sewickley, Pa.  
Mrs. C. F. Goodrich, Princeton, N. J.  
Mrs. Alfred H. Granger, Chicago  
Mrs. D. Lawrence Groner, Washington, D. C.  
Dr. Charles E. Hagyard, Lexington, Ky.  
Mr. Leonard C. Hanna, Cleveland, Ohio  
Mrs. S. C. Henning, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. Baylor O. Hickman, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. Charles H. Hodges, Jr., Detroit, Mich.  
Lieut. Gen. T. Holcomb (ret.), Chevy Chase, Md.  
Mr. Will C. Hoskins, Hyden, Ky.  
Miss Mary Churchill Humphrey, Glenview,  
Ky.  
Dr. Francis Hutchins, Berea, Ky.

Mrs. David S. Ingalls, Cleveland, Ohio  
Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio  
Mrs. Bruce Isaacs, Lexington, Ky.  
Mr. Charles Jackson, Boston, Mass.  
Mrs. Henry James, New York  
Mrs. Preston Johnston, Lexington, Ky.  
Kentucky Health Commissioner  
Mrs. Lyndon M. King, Minneapolis  
Mrs. R. McAllister Lloyd, New York  
Mrs. Arthur B. McGraw, Detroit, Mich.  
Mrs. Walter B. McIlvain, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. D. R. McLennan, Lake Forest, Ill.  
Mrs. Langdon Marvin, New York  
Mrs. Keith Merrill, U. S. Virgin Islands  
Mrs. Charles H. Moorman, Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. George Hewitt Myers, Washington, D. C.  
Miss Linda Neville, Lexington, Ky.  
Mrs. George Norton, Jr., Louisville, Ky.  
Mrs. P. B. Poe, Thomasville, Ga.  
President Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority  
President National Society of Daughters of  
Colonial Wars  
Mr. David Prewitt, Lexington, Ky.  
Mr. Chris Queen, Manchester, Ky.  
Mrs. John Rock, Boston, Mass.  
Miss Helen Rochester Rogers, Rochester, N. Y.  
Mrs. John Sherwin, Cleveland, Ohio  
Mr. Ross W. Sloniker, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Mrs. Thomas G. Spencer, Rochester, N. Y.  
Mrs. Adolphus Staton, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. Herman F. Stone, New York  
Mrs. Frederic W. Upham, Chicago  
The Hon. Arthur Villiers, London, England  
Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, New York  
Mrs. Richard Wigglesworth, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, New York  
Mrs. Waring Wilson, Lexington, Ky.  
Mr. Robert W. Woolley, Washington, D. C.



## NATIONAL MEDICAL COUNCIL

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fred L. Adair, Maitland, Fla.           | Dr. W. Jason Mixter, Woods' Hole, Mass.   |
| Dr. Robert A. Aldrich, Portland, Ore.       | Dr. F. S. Mowry, U. S. Virgin Islands     |
| Dr. Arthur W. Allen, Boston, Mass.          | Dr. Joseph J. Mundell, Washington, D. C.  |
| Dr. John M. Bergland, Baltimore, Md.        | Dr. W. F. O'Donnell, Hazard, Ky.          |
| Dr. M. A. Blankenhorn, Cincinnati, Ohio     | Dr. John Parks, Washington, D. C.         |
| Dr. James W. Bruce, Louisville, Ky.         | Dr. Thomas Parran, Pittsburgh, Pa.        |
| Dr. John A. Caldwell, Cincinnati, Ohio      | Dr. Alice Pickett, Louisville, Ky.        |
| Dr. Bayard Carter, Durham, N. C.            | Dr. Herman C. Pitts, Providence, R. I.    |
| Dr. Henry W. Cave, New York                 | Dr. Lydia L. Poage, Dayton, Ohio          |
| Dr. R. L. Collins, Hazard, Ky.              | Dr. Harold G. Reineke, Cincinnati, Ohio   |
| Dr. C. L. Combs, Hazard, Ky.                | Dr. John Rock, Boston, Mass.              |
| Dr. Samuel A. Cosgrove, Jersey City, N. J.  | Dr. Wm. A. Rogers, Boston, Mass.          |
| Dr. Allan B. Crunden, Jr., Montclair, N. J. | Dr. Arthur Ruggles, Providence, R. I.     |
| Dr. L. T. Davidson, Louisville, Ky.         | Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Baltimore, Md.      |
| Dr. Dougal M. Dollar, Louisville, Ky.       | Dr. Lewis C. Scheffey, Philadelphia, Pa.  |
| Dr. R. Gordon Douglas, New York             | Dr. Arthur A. Shawkey, Charleston, W. Va. |
| Dr. Isadore Dyer, New Orleans, La.          | Dr. Warren R. Sisson, Boston, Mass.       |
| Dr. Nicholson J. Eastman, Baltimore, Md.    | Dr. Parke G. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio      |
| Dr. Martha Eliot, Washington, D. C.         | Dr. Richard M. Smith, Boston, Mass.       |
| Dr. Haven Emerson, New York                 | Dr. Reginald Smithwick, Boston, Mass.     |
| Dr. Morris Fishbein, Chicago                | Dr. R. Glen Spurling, Louisville, Ky.     |
| Dr. Harlan S. Heim, Humboldt, Neb.          | Dr. James E. Thompson, New York           |
| Dr. Ransom S. Hooker, Charleston, S. C.     | Dr. Bruce Underwood, Washington, D. C.    |
| Dr. W. O. Johnson, Louisville, Ky.          | Dr. Borden S. Veeder, St. Louis, Mo.      |
| Dr. Samuel B. Kirkwood, Brookline, Mass.    | Dr. George W. Waterman, Providence, R. I. |
| Dr. John H. Kooser, Irwin, Pa.              | Dr. Henry S. Waters, Dundee, N. Y.        |
| Dr. Robert M. Lewis, New Haven, Conn.       | Dr. Benjamin P. Watson, New York          |
| Dr. Hartman A. Lichtwardt, Detroit, Mich.   | Dr. Ashley Weech, Cincinnati, Ohio        |
| Dr. William F. MacFee, New York             | Dr. William H. Weir, Cleveland, Ohio      |
| Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, Chicago, Ill.         | Dr. George H. Whipple, Rochester, N. Y.   |
| Dr. Rustin McIntosh, New York               | Dr. Karl M. Wilson, Rochester, N. Y.      |

inclusive of

## MEDICAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

- |                                      |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Dr. A. J. Alexander, Lexington, Ky.  | Dr. Josephine D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Carey C. Barrett, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. Francis M. Massie, Lexington, Ky. |
| Dr. Harvey Chenaault, Lexington, Ky. | Dr. J. F. Owen, Lexington, Ky.        |
| Dr. Carl Fortune, Lexington, Ky.     | Dr. Edward H. Ray, Lexington, Ky.     |
| Dr. Walter D. Frey, Lexington, Ky.   | Dr. John Scott, Lexington, Ky.        |
| Dr. John Harvey, Lexington, Ky.      | Dr. A. J. Whitehouse, Lexington, Ky.  |

## NATIONAL NURSING COUNCIL

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| Mrs. Myrtle C. Applegate, Louisville, Ky.  | Miss Lillian Hudson, New York            |
| Miss Margaret Carrington, Chicago          | Miss Alexandra Matheson, Louisville, Ky. |
| Miss Hazel Corbin, New York                | Miss Katherine Read, Washington, D. C.   |
| Miss Naomi Deutsch, New York               | Miss Mary M. Roberts, New York           |
| Miss Alta Elizabeth Dines, New York        | Miss Emilie G. Robson, Boston, Mass.     |
| Miss Ruth Doran, Washington, D. C.         | Miss Emilie G. Sargent, Detroit, Mich.   |
| Miss Elizabeth M. Folchmer, Baltimore, Md. | Miss Vanda Summers, New York             |
| Miss Mary S. Gardner, Providence, R. I.    | Miss Ruth G. Taylor, Washington, D. C.   |
| Miss Gertrude Garran, Boston, Mass.        | Miss Claribel A. Wheeler, Richmond, Va.  |
| Miss Janet Geister, Chicago                | Miss Marion Williamson, Louisville, Ky.  |
| Miss Lalla M. Goggans, Washington, D. C.   | Miss Anna D. Wolf, Baltimore, Md.        |
| Miss Jessie Greathouse, Lexington, Ky.     | Miss Louise Zabriskie, New York          |



## FIELD WORKERS

**AT WENDOVER, KENTUCKY**

**Director**  
Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, R.N.,  
S.C.M., LL.D.

**Secretary to Director**  
Miss Hope Muncy

**Assistant Director**  
Miss Helen E. Browne, R.N., S.C.M.

**Field Supervisor**  
Miss Anna May January, R.N., C.M.

**Executive Secretary**  
Miss Agnes Lewis, B.A.

**Assistant Executive Secretary**  
Miss Zondra Lindblade, B.A.

**Bookkeeper**  
Miss Janet Broughton

**Statistician**  
Miss Polly Hicks

**Quarterly Bulletin Secretary and  
Postal Clerk**  
Miss Lena Gray

**AT HYDEN, KENTUCKY**

**Medical Director**  
W. B. Rogers Beasley, M.D.

**Secretary to Medical Director**  
Mrs. Ann C. Bracy

**Hospital Superintendent**  
Miss Betty Lester, R.N., S.C.M.

**Secretary to Superintendent**  
Mrs. Bella Vaughn

**Hospital Midwifery Supervisor**  
Miss Kathleen Quarmbly, R.N., S.C.M.

**Dean Frontier Graduate School  
of Midwifery**  
Miss Mary Carpenter, R.N., S.C.M., M.T.D.

**Social Service Secretary  
(Alpha Omicron Pi Fund)**  
Miss Noel Smith, B.A.

**Wendover Resident Nurse**  
Miss Anne Cundle, R.N., S.C.M.

**Resident Courier**  
Miss Jean Hollins

## AT OUTPOST NURSING CENTERS

**Jessie Preston Draper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Beech Fork; Post Office, Asher, Leslie County)

Miss Josephine A. Hunt, R.N., S.C.M.; Miss Fay A. Noggle, R.N., C.M.

**Frances Bolton Nursing Center**

(Possum Bend; Post Office, Confluence, Leslie County)

Miss Carolyn Banghart, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Molly Lee, R.N., S.C.M.

**Clara Ford Nursing Center**

(Red Bird River; Post Office, Peabody, Clay County)

Miss E. Jane Furnas, R.N., C.M., B.S.; Miss Margaret M. Foster, R.N., S.C.M.

**Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center**

(Flat Creek; Post Office, Creeksville, Clay County)

Miss Joyce E. Hilditch, R.N., S.C.M.

**Belle Barrett Hughitt Memorial Nursing Center**

(Bullskin Creek; Post Office, Brutus, Clay County)

Miss Bridget Gallagher, R.N., S.C.M.

**Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Nursing Center**

(Post Office, Bowlingtown, Perry County)

Miss Olive Bunce, R.N., S.C.M.

S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examination of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department to put these initials after her name.



## FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember the Frontier Nursing Service in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath the sum of  
..... dollars (or property properly de-  
scribed) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation  
organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

### HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

. . . . .

The principal of the gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.



**FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.**

## Its motto:

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm  
and carry them in his bosom, and shall  
gently lead those that are with young."

## Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to cooperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

Articles of Incorporation of the  
Frontier Nursing Service, Article III.

**DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING**

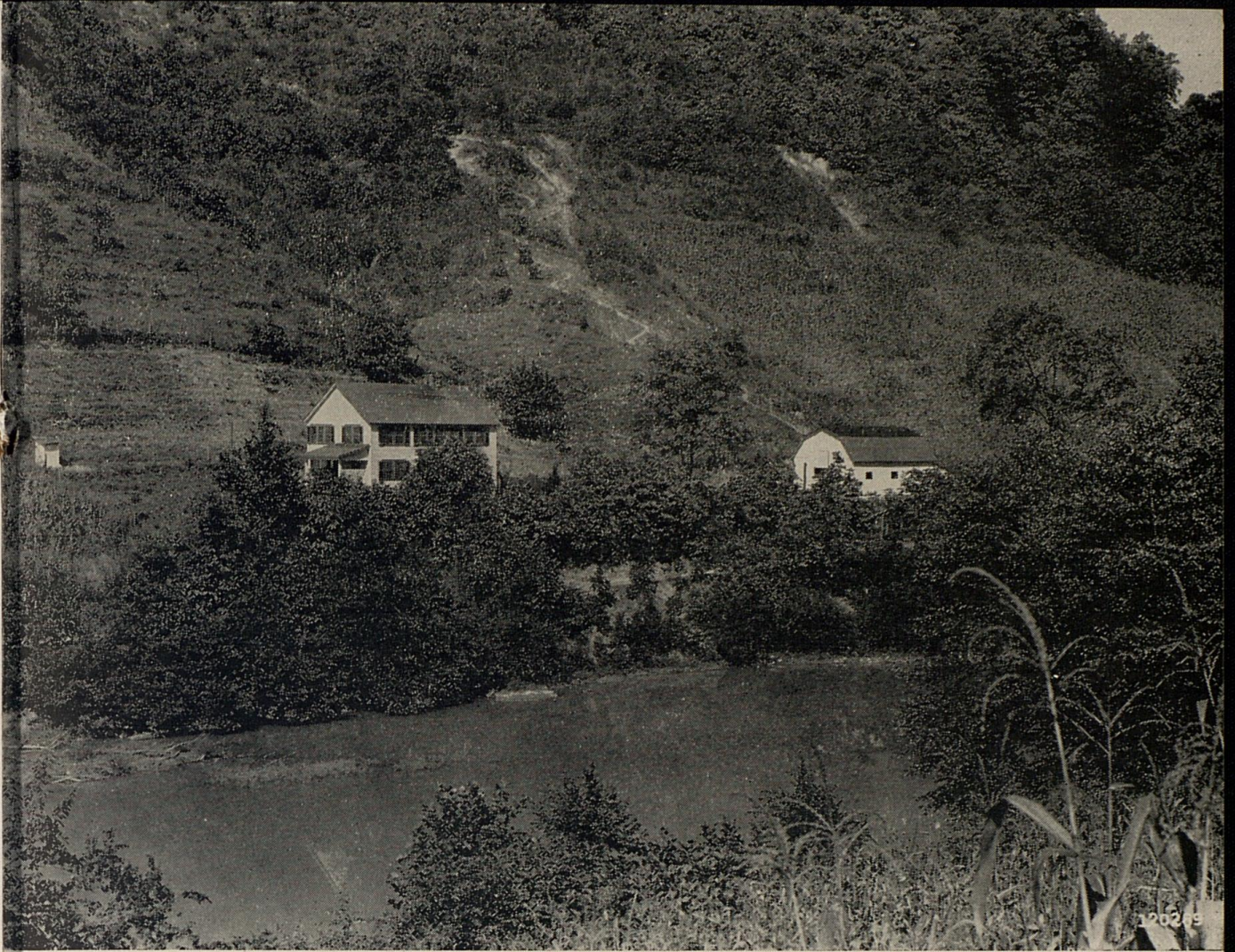
We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by parcel post to **Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky**, or by freight or express to **Hazard, Kentucky**, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

**Gifts of money should be made payable to  
FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,  
and sent to the treasurer  
MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,  
Security Trust Company  
Lexington 15, Kentucky**

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.





THE FRANCES BOLTON NURSING CENTER OF POSSUM BEND  
AND ITS BARN

at Confluence, Kentucky

This picture was taken from across the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River when that river was not in flood.

The great flood of January 29, 1957, brought this river up to the front door of the nursing center and up five feet in the barn. Some fifty homes were washed away along the Middle Fork and hundreds more flooded. The story is told in this Bulletin.



